Fightin' Scientists of Tesladyne
Chapter 1
The Will to Power

YARLUNG TSANGPO CANYON, HIMALAYAS – 1938.

SEE ANYTHING?

YES, ACTUALLY.

I SEE A HUGE WASTE OF TIME.

I SEE AN EXCUSE TO SMOKE.

WANT ONE?

NO, MY FACE GOES NUMB WITHOUT THE SCARF.

YOUR LOSS.

NEW YORK CITY, NY.
ONE WEEK PREVIOUS.

FIRST, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR COMING TO SEE ME ABOUT THIS IN PERSON. LET ME ASSURE--

1910

I'M ONLY HERE TO TELL YOU THAT WE'RE NOT INTERESTED.

IS THAT YOU OR *TESLA* TALKING?

MISTER TESLA AND I AGREE.

DAMMIT, SON. THIS IS A MATTER OF *GLOBAL* SECURITY. WE'VE TRACKED DOWN *HELSINGARD.*

YOU'VE GOT AN ARMY FOR THESE THINGS.

THE *GERMANS* ARE INVOLVED. SENDING AMERICAN FORCES WOULD EMBROIL US IN *ANOTHER* EUROPEAN WAR. YOU'D BE ACTING AS AN INDEPENDENT AGENT.

NO THANKS.

WE CAN PAY YOU.

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING.

WE CAN GIVE YOU THE ONE THING YOUR MAN TESLA *CAN'T* BUY --

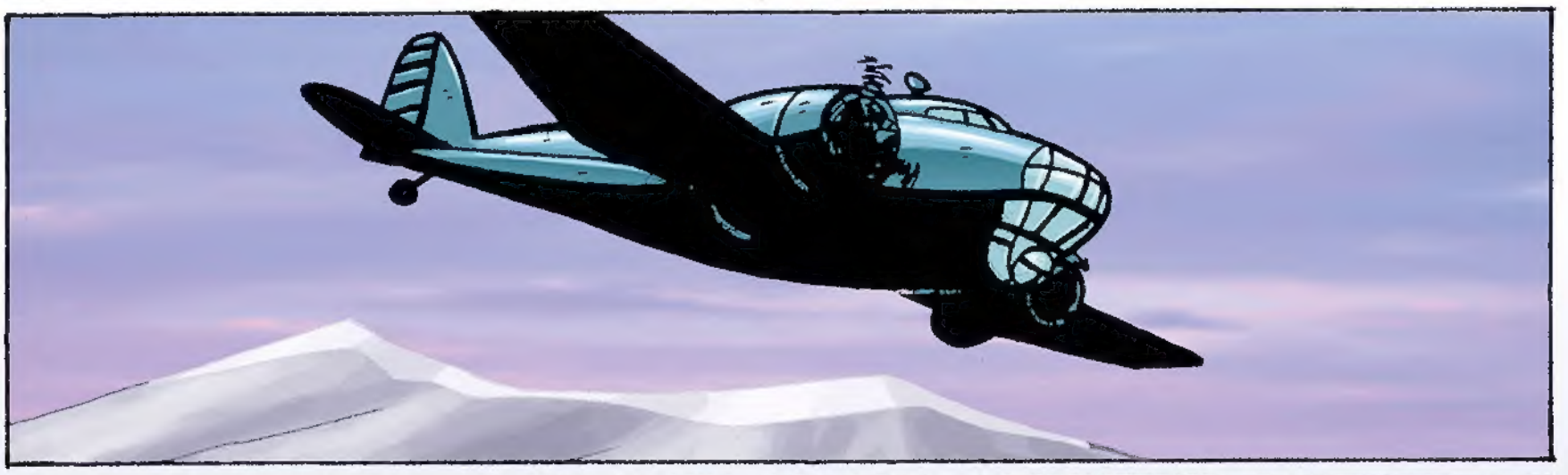
-- YOUR FULL LEGAL STATUS AS A HUMAN BEING AND AMERICAN CITIZEN.

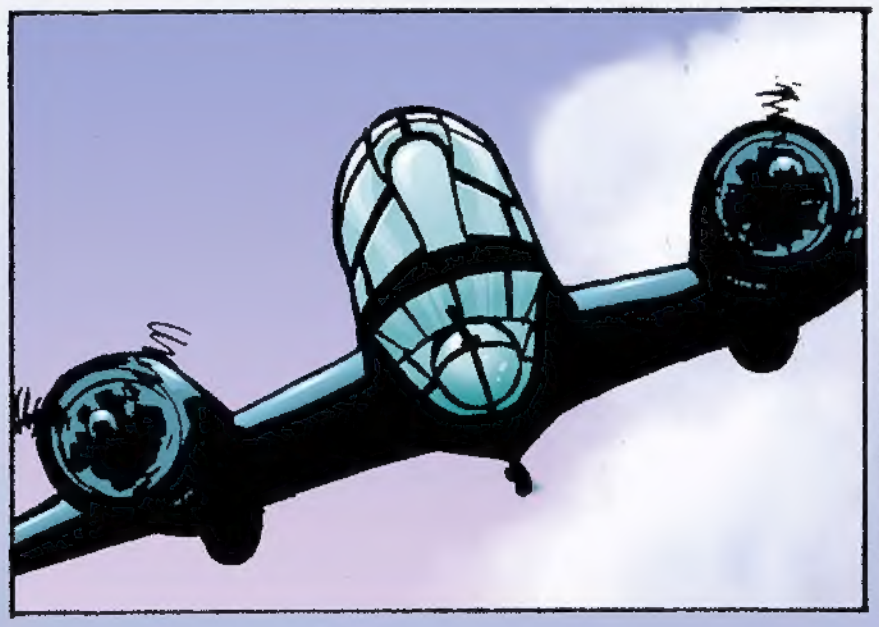
...

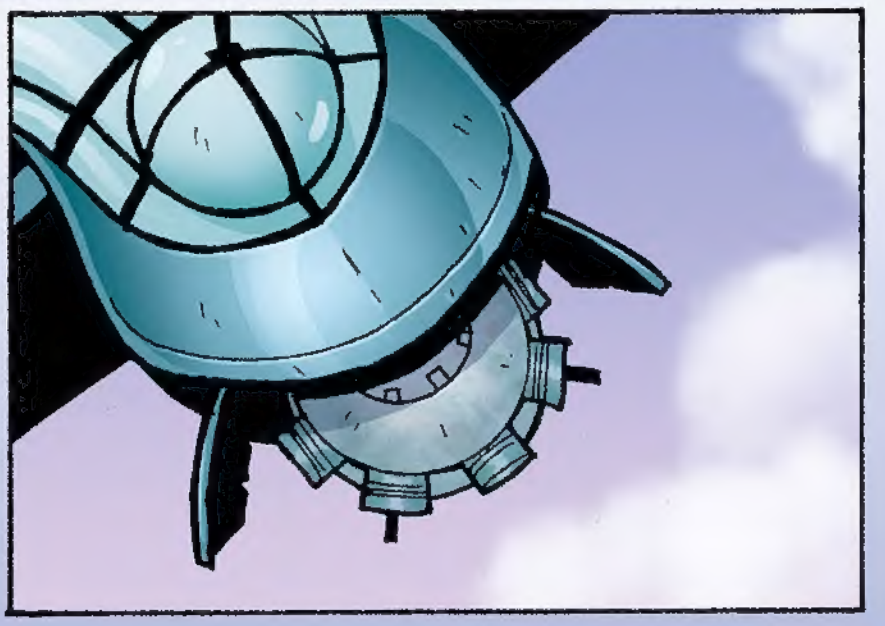
NOW, IN *EXCHANGE...*

WE'RE NOT DUE FOR RE-SUPPLY FOR ANOTHER TWO WEEKS.

THAT'S NOT ONE OF OURS.







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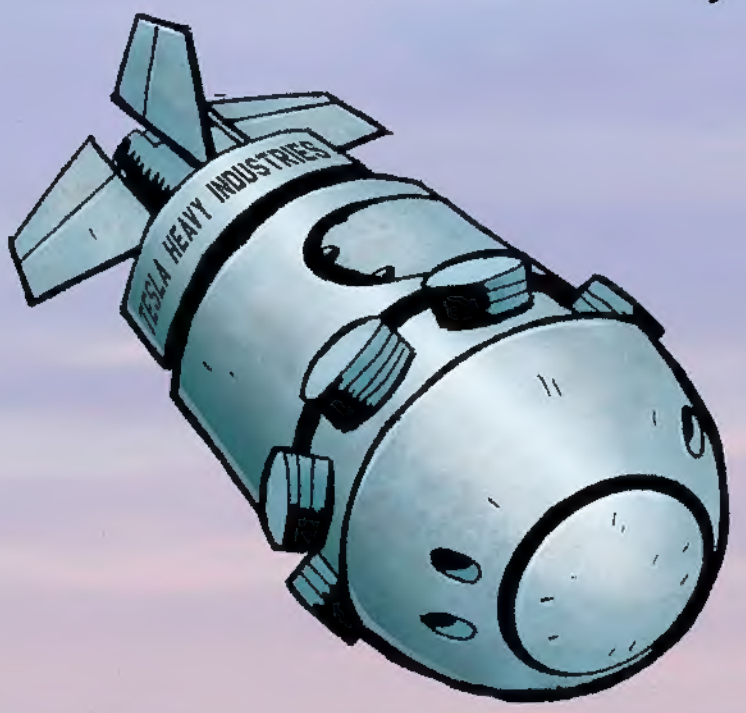

TESLA HEAVY INDUSTRIES

SOUND THE--

KROOM

WHAT WAS *THAT?*

SEISMOMETER INDICATES AN... *EARTHQUAKE?*

BUT *THAT* CAN'T BE RIGHT.

RRRRUMBLE

?

?

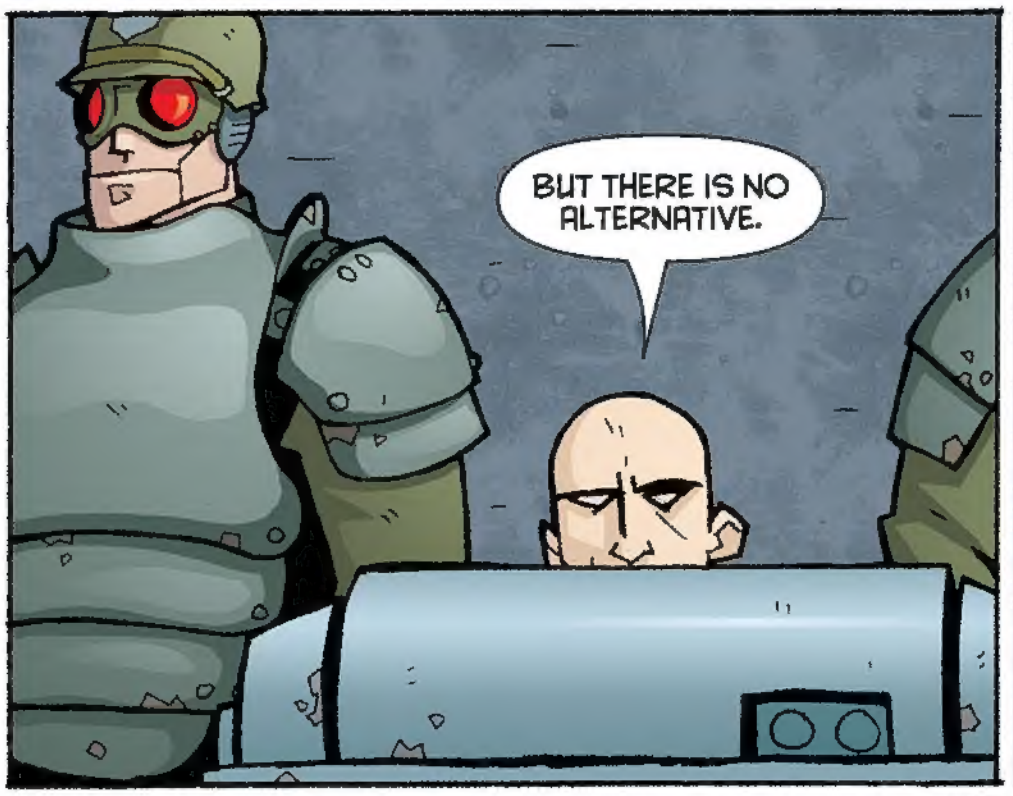
?

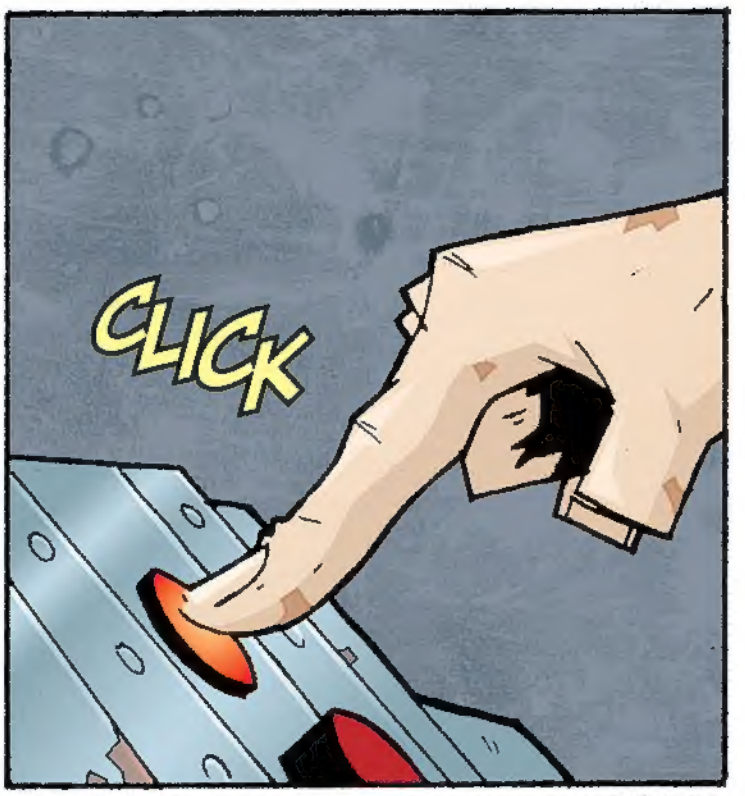
?

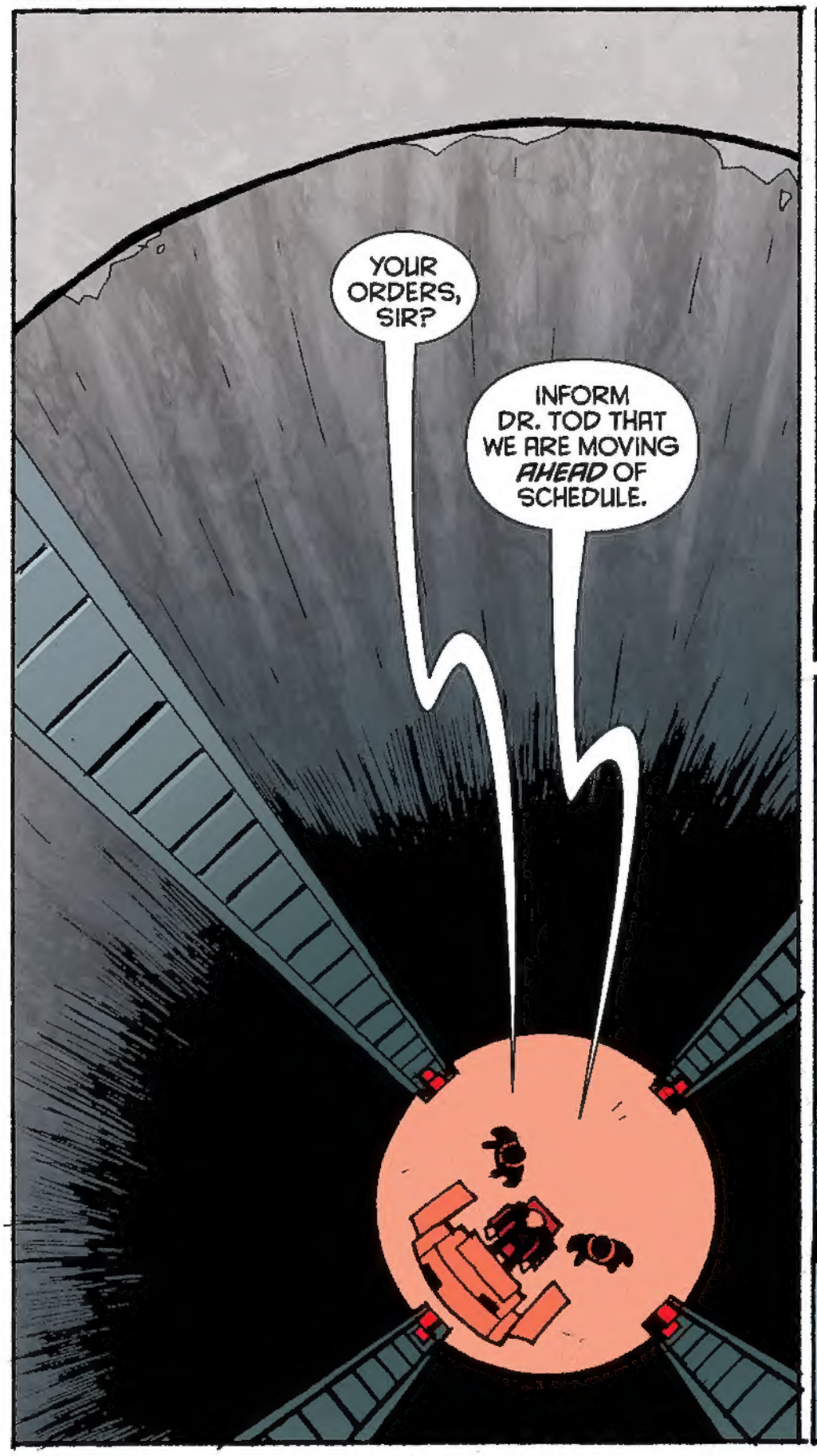
KROOM

CRASH

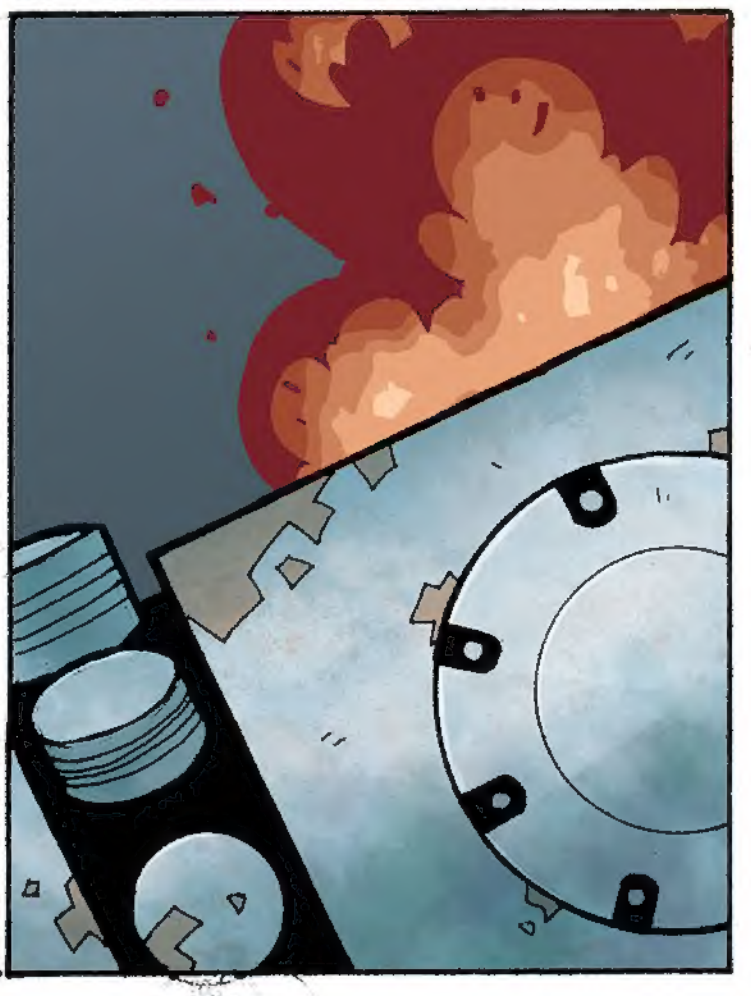
THIS IS HARDLY IDEAL.


BUT THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE.


CLICK


YOUR ORDERS, SIR?
INFORM DR. TOD THAT WE ARE MOVING *AHEAD* OF SCHEDULE.

AS YOU COMMAND, SO IT SHALL BE, LORD HELSINGARD.



MOVE, MOVE!

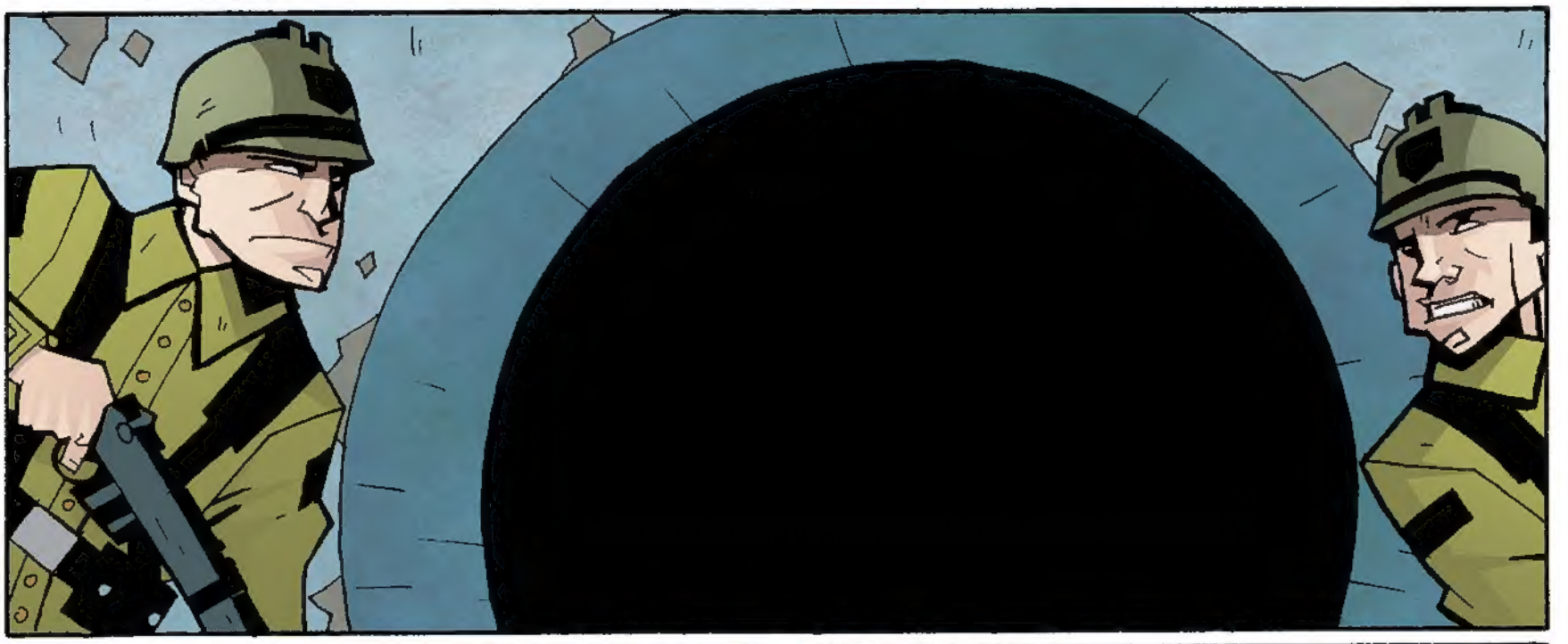
CONTAIN IT!

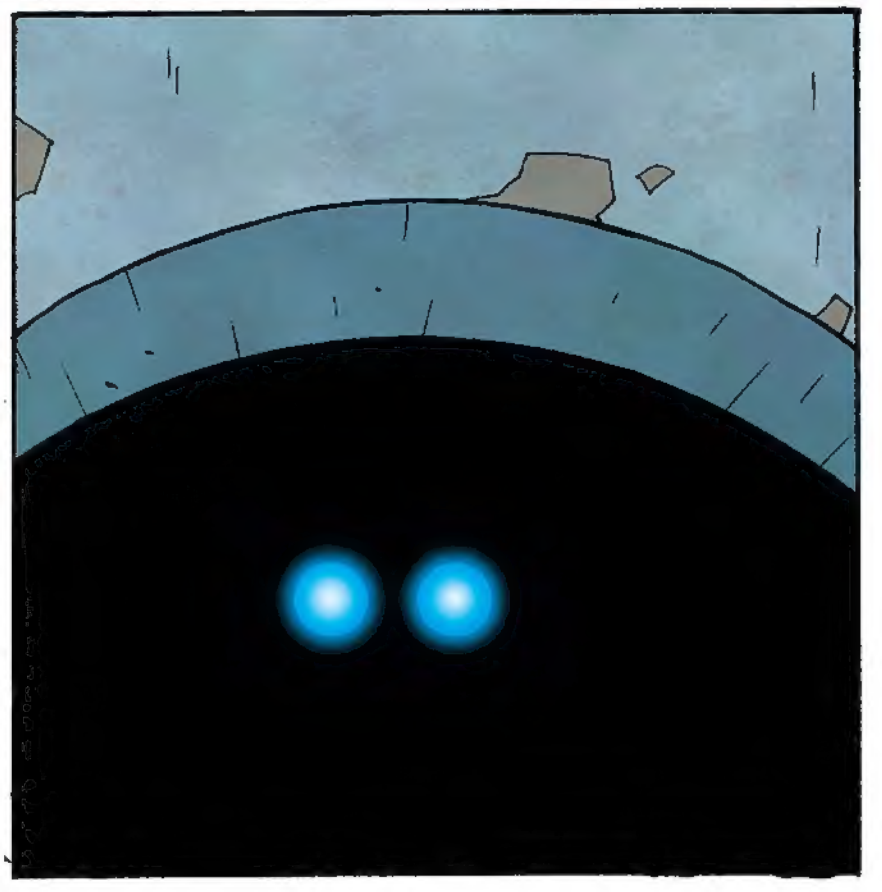
COVER ME.

SIR, I FOUND A --

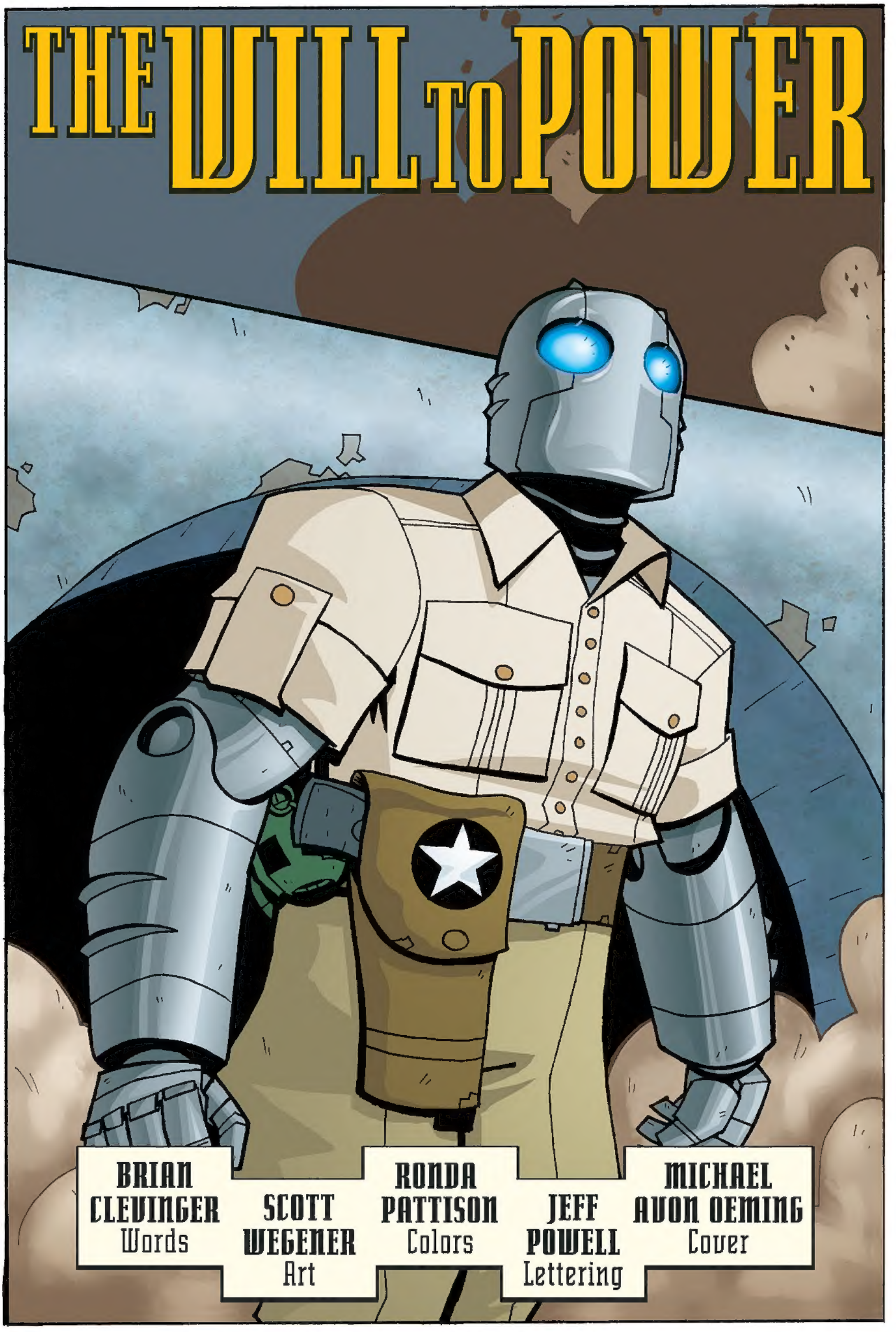
--DOOR!

FORM UP!
GO, GO, GO!
KLONG





THE WILL TO POWER



BRIAN CLEVINGER
Words

SCOTT WEGENER
Art

RONDA PATTISON
Colors

JEFF POWELL
Lettering

MICHAEL AVON OEMING
Cover

BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, **BARON HEINRICH VON HELSINGARD** IS HEREBY PLACED UNDER ARREST AS AN **ENEMY OF ALL MANKIND** FOR THE CRIMES OF KIDNAPPING, HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION UPON UNWILLING SUBJECTS, AND...

WOW.

JEEZ, THAT'S A LOT OF ATROCITIES. WHERE DID HELSINGARD FIND THE TIME TO **SLEEP?**

FLIP FLIP

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THIS ONE **MEANS.**

FLIP FLIP FLIP

KCHAK

KA-CLICK

DON'T TELL ME I'M IN THE **WRONG** MOUNTAIN SUPERBASE.

GUESS NOT.

TUNK

THIS IS *HIGHLY* UNORTHODOX.

WOULD YOU RATHER ATTEMPT THE FIRST *VRIL INFUSION* UPON YOUR FUEHRER? OR SHALL YOU PERFORM IT HERE, *NOW,* WHERE YOUR DEATH IS NOT THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE?

ALL I ASK IS FOR ANOTHER *WEEK* OF STUDY, AS YOU PROMISED.

I DID NOT BRING *RUIN* TO AN UNDERGROUND UTOPIA PRE-DATING THE DAWN OF *AGRICULTURE* FOR THE PURPOSE OF *NOT* GAINING ULTIMATE POWER OVER THE FABRIC OF REALITY.

DO NOT MAKE ME *END* YOU AND IMPLANT THE ORGAN MYSELF, DOCTOR. I NO LONGER HAVE THE FINE MOTOR CONTROL FOR SELF-EXPERIMENTATION AND TIME IS OF THE *ESSENCE.*

BLUB

LOOK, GUYS? JUST PUT THE GUNS DOWN. I'M BUILT LIKE A TANK.

BLAM
BA-BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

STOP THAT.

JERKS.

WHUD

DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S GOING TO STOP--

RAR!
YAH!

MY GOD, HEINRICH. IT'S STILL BEATING.
WHAT IS THE DELAY!

WELL, I SHOULD HOPE SO.

DON'T SUPPOSE YOU MOOKS COULD JUST TELL ME WHERE TO FIND HELSINGARD.

STAND DOWN!

THIS IS YOUR *LAST* WARNING!

MOVE AND WE *SHOOT!*

I'M COMFORTABLE WITH THAT.

DON'T *SHOOT,* DAMMIT!

YOU'LL HIT *US!*

GET OFF HIM, *THEN* WE'LL SHOOT.

SHOOTING'S NO GOOD ON THIS ONE.

BLAM

SEE?

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT DOESN'T HURT, Y'KNOW.

OKAY. I HAVE AN IDEA.

EVERYONE, ***GET HIM!***

WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE BRIG.

NO, YOU'RE NOT.

THEN WE'RE *RESTRAINING* YOU!

NOT VERY WELL.

HE'S ON THE ROPES!

Hrg!

WE GOT HIM, WE GOT HIM.

DON'T LET HIM NEAR THAT THING!

IT'S GOT SUPER WEAPONS!

GUYS, IT'S A RADIO.

BABY BEAR TO MOTHER HEN. BABY BEAR TO MOTHER HEN. OVER.

THIS IS MOTHER HEN, WE HEAR YOU BABY BEAR. OVER.

WE DEMAND THAT YOU *CEASE COMMUNICATIONS!*

AND SURRENDER!

YOU THERE ON THE LINE,WE DEMAND *YOUR* SURRENDER AS WELL.

BABY BEAR, THIS IS A *SECURE* CHANNEL!

HE CAN'T *HEAR* YOU!

I'VE ABOUT HAD IT WITH YOU MOOKS.

THIS IS A GRENADE. HOPE MY *CLUMSY ROBOT FINGERS* DON'T DO SOMETHING CLUMSY.

OOPS.

PANG

YOU GUYS HANDLE IT.

BOOM

MY LEGS!

ARGH!

BABY BEAR, MOTHER HEN, ETCETERA. I'M REPORTING TO SAY THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A WHILE, SO CANCEL MY EXTRACTION UNTIL--

THOOM

BEHOLD, THE HELSINGARD! BEHOLD, THE DAWN OF THE SUPER MAN! MY WILL IS MADE REAL.

ALL OF TIME AND SPACE...

NEVER MIND, SEND THE PLANE NOW.

...THE COURSE OF MAN AND HIS NATIONS, ALL BEND TO MY WISHES.

WHERE IS THAT STUPID-- AH!

HELSINGARD! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

THE LAWS OF MAN NO LONGER APPLY TO ME.

HOW ABOUT THE LAWS OF ELECTRICITY?

ZRAAAH

YEARGH!

OH, YOU RIDICULOUS LITTLE THING. WITNESS THE *LIMITLESS POWER* OF THE VRIL ORGAN!

KZZK

VRIL ORGAN, HUH?

KNOW WHAT THEY **SHOULD** CALL YOU?

BARON VON BLABS ABOUT HIS ONLY WEAKNESS.

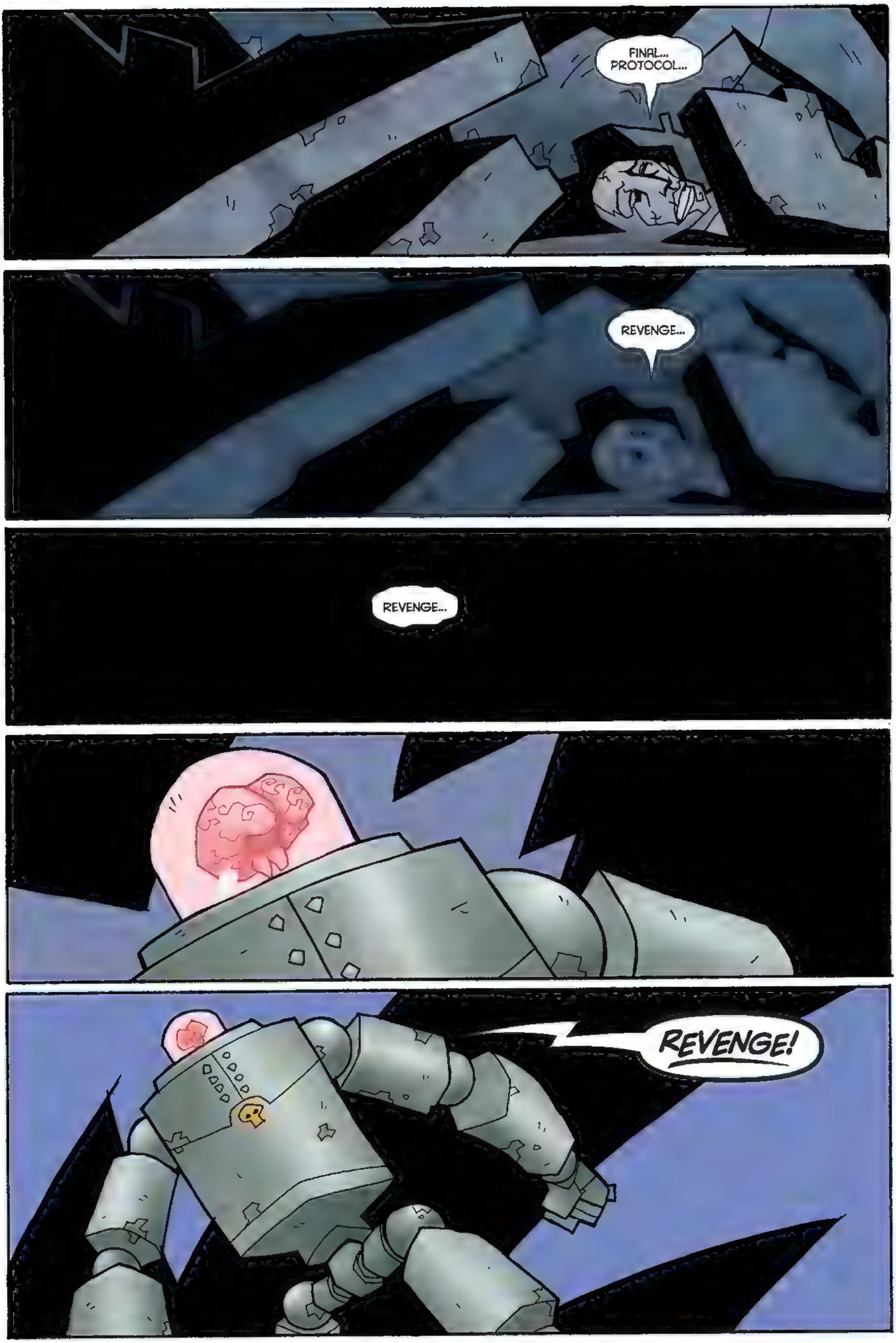
KZAARK

KRAKOOM

WHUD

WELL.

THAT WAS LIKE ARRESTING HIM.


FINAL... PROTOCOL...
REVENGE...
REVENGE...
REVENGE!

Fightin' Scientists of Tesladyne

Chapter 2
Pest Control

Art by Scott Wegener
Colors by Lawrence Basso

TODAY

ROBO, YOU'VE LED AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER. CREATED BY NIKOLA TESLA IN 1923, SURROUNDED BY AN ADORING PUBLIC, AND BROUGHT UP BY THE GREATEST MINDS OF THE CENTURY, YOU'VE DEDICATED YOUR LIFE TO FORWARDING SCIENTIFIC AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

YOU'VE BEEN TO THE MOON, VISITED MARS, MAPPED HOLLOW EARTH, FOUGHT IN THREE WARS, AND DEFENDED THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD FROM ALL MANNER OF CATASTROPHES FOR EIGHTY YEARS. SO TELL US...

...OUT OF ALL OF IT, EVERYTHING THAT YOU'VE DONE, WHAT WAS THE ***HARDEST*** PART?

HONESTLY?

TESLADYNE HEADQUARTERS, THREE DAYS AGO, 08:13

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

ISN'T THAT WHAT *THESE* GUYS ARE PAID TO FIGURE OUT?

SURE, BUT YOU'VE GOT MORE EXPERIENCE WITH THINGS LIKE THIS THAN ALL OF *THEM* PUT TOGETHER.

*WELL, I DON'T THINK IT'S AN ATTACK. NOT A VERY **GOOD** ONE, ANYWAY.*

*NOW, KEEP IN MIND THAT GIANT ANTS ARE **IMPOSSIBLE**, SO THIS WHOLE SITUATION SHOULDN'T EVEN BE **HAPPENING**.*

RIGHT HERE.

THIS PACKAGE ARRIVED FOR YOU, ROBO.

ROBO?

Dear Mr. Robo,

My name is Gracie Simmons. My grandfather, Charlie Simmons,

I'm writing today to inform you that my grandfather passed away. As you may

Charlie had been battling cancer for over a year. He responded well to the chemo, but in the

enough.

living his estate. I found the enclosed photo and thought that he'd

Walter's friend.

CHENGKUNG, CHINA – 1940

AW, NUTS.

P-TOK

PANG

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

AW, NUTS.

ROBO?

THIS IS JUST-- YOU CAN'T HAVE GIANT BUGS. THEY'D CRUSH THEMSELVES.

BUT DO *THEY* KNOW THAT?

PROBABLY NOT, NO.

THE MAYOR HAS ASKED FOR INTERVENTION. THE GOVERNOR CONCURS.

LET'S GET A TEAM TO RENO THEN.

NEAR RENO, NEVADA, 13:37

RADAR'S SHOWING TEN. CAN YOU CONFIRM?

TEN SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. I THINK THERE'S A COUPLE STRAGGLERS BEHIND THE MAIN GROUP THOUGH.

GAS

ANY INDICATION OF THEIR RANGED CAPABILITY?

WHAT, YOU THINK THEY HAVE *EYE-BEAMS?*

THEY'RE GIANT INSECTS. OF *COURSE* THEY HAVE EYE-BEAMS.

WHAT'S THE BIOLOGICAL PRECEDENCE FOR AN ENERGY PROJECTION SYSTEM?

COULD BE FROM THE RADIATION.

WHAT RADIATION?

THE RADIATION THAT MADE THEM *BIG.*

THAT IS *NOT* HOW RADIATION WORKS.

WELL, NO, BUT WHAT ABOUT *IMAGINARY* RADIATION?

EXCUSE ME, GUYS.

LORD, NOT AGAIN.

IMAGINARY PHYSICS IS A ***PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE*** FIELD OF INQUIRY!

IT'LL ***REVOLUTIONIZE*** SCIENCE. JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT TO LOOK FOR AND HOW TO FIND IT.

I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

PEST CONTROL

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERING
JEFF POWELL

CHENGKUNG, CHINA – 1940

PTANG

TOK

WELL...

KRSH

...I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.

BA-BLAM
BLAM
人間わ
図書ア
-GHK-

AND HERE'S ONE MORE, Y'MEATBALL!

KA-BLAM

AW, NUTS.

RENO DESERT

SCRUNCH

GOT ONE.

SORRY, VIK. CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER THE *IMAGINARY* STATIC.

I SWEAR TO **GOD**, LANG. WHEN THE IMAGINARY REVOLUTION COMES, YOU WILL BE THE FIRST AGAINST THE WALL.

THEY CAN'T BE THIS LARGE. IT'S MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE. THAT ***REALLY*** BOTHERS ME.

YOU KNOW, THIS GETS ME THINKING. DOES ANYONE ELSE REMEMBER THAT PAPER ON SPATIAL INVERSION? FROM LAST YEAR, I THINK.

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING SOMEONE'S ***PERFECTED*** THE PROCESS.

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK ***YOU'RE*** GOIN', GRUESOME?

THAT'S RIGHT, LOOK AT THE ROBOT.

LOOK AT THE...

OH, APPLESAUCE.

RONCH

HRM.

GAS

WRANG

SO THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA BE.

I GOTTA AGREE VIK, SPATIAL INVERSION SEEMS UNLIKELY. I MEAN, THE POWER DEMANDS **ALONE.**

WELL, SURE, **INITIALLY.** BUT WHAT IF THE REACTION WAS SELF-SUSTAINING?

I DUNNO. SOUNDS A LITTLE **IMAGINARY** TO ME.

12 GA.

HAR, **HAR,** VIK. I'M SERIOUS.

TH-THOOM TH-THOOM TH-THOOM TH-THOOM

GUYS. CAN WE CONCENTRATE? GUNS AREN'T WORKING.

ROBO, IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW THEY GOT THIS WAY, MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO STOP THEM.

THEY'RE GIANT MARAUDING **BUGS.** THERE'S ONLY **ONE** WAY TO STOP THEM.

15:01

FOOM

Reno
5 MILES

SKRUNCH

BUICKS!

WE CAN'T KEEP USING CARS LIKE THIS, ROBO.

AUTOMOBILES HAVE BEEN THE BEST MELEE WEAPONS TO USE AGAINST GIANT MONSTERS SINCE THE '50S. IT'S SCIENCE **FACT.**

ROBO.

FINE.

SHHHRRRIP

AUGH! THEY'RE FULL OF GOO.

THWANG

...GUESS I FORGOT TO STAMP IT!

MAIN ST

CHURCH ST

CAN YOU GUYS THINK OF ANYTHING FOR A STREET SIGN?

NO.

NOPE.

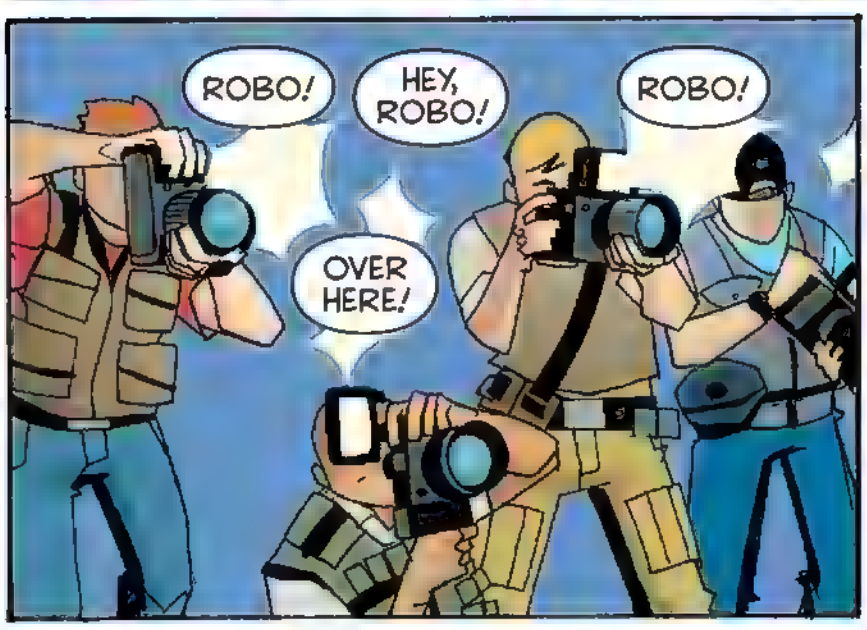
NO.

SHOOT.

TWACK

16:22
Reno
5 MILES

GOOD WORK!
ALL PART OF THE JOB.
MY CAR!
WHAT A MESS.
I JUST USED MY VIOLENCE ON THEM.


ROBO!
HEY, ROBO!
ROBO!
OVER HERE!

CLICK FASH
CLICK FASH
CLICK FASH

SHOOT, ROBO. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER.

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU BROUGHT? A CAMERA?

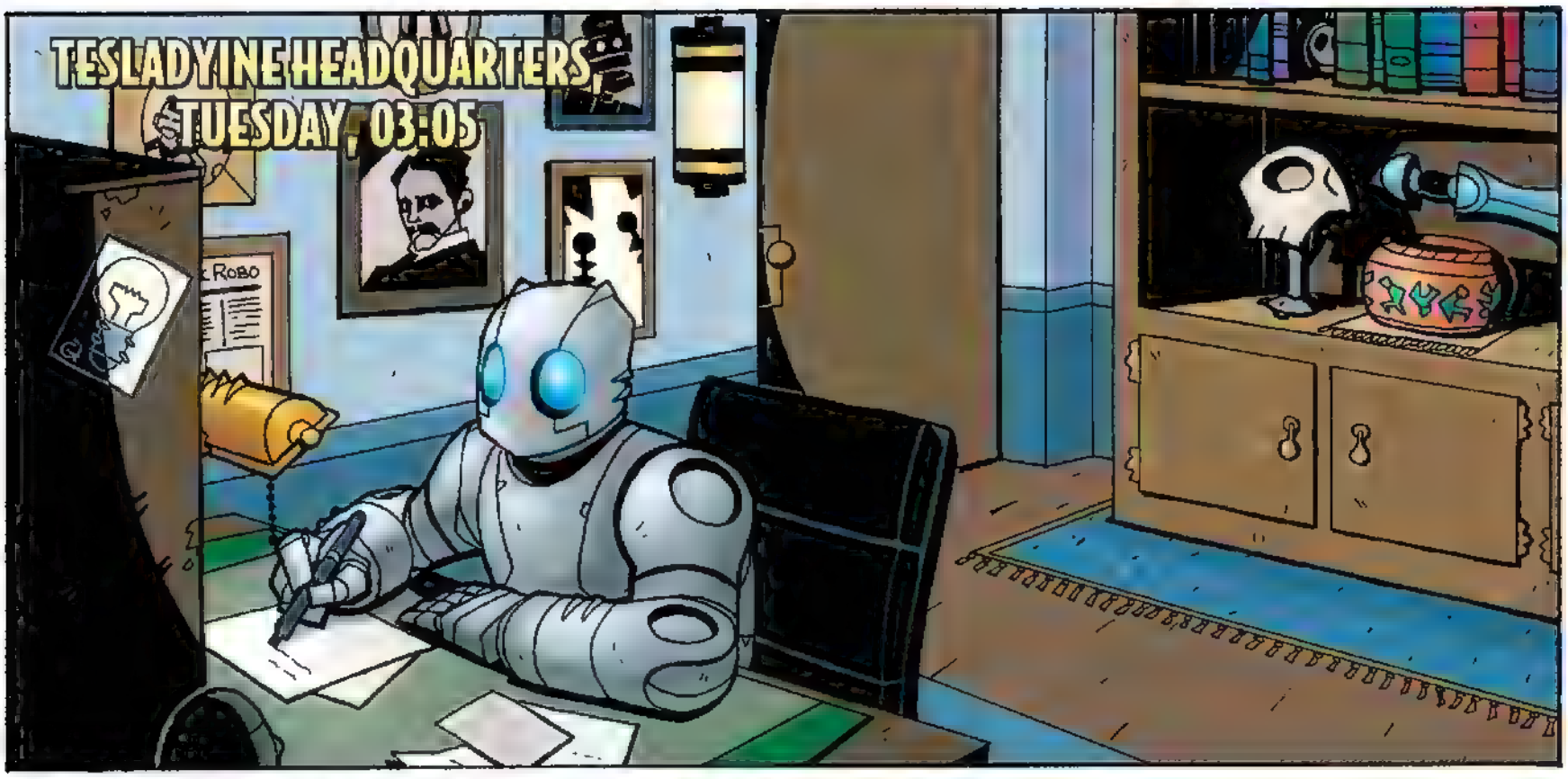
I JUST WANTED TO MARK THE OCCASION OF YOUR PASSING. DON'T BLAME ME IF YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURSELF SHOT TO DEATH.

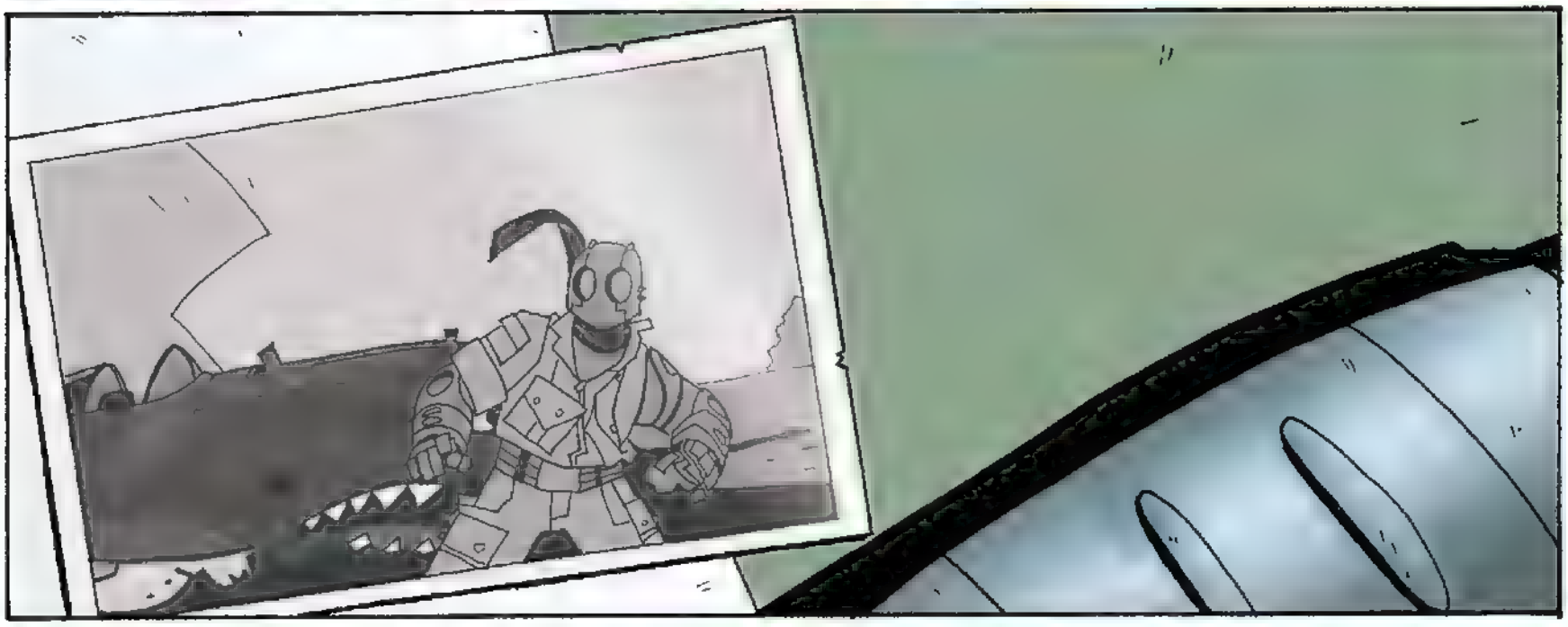
I WAS FLYING YOUR PATROL!

ONLY BECAUSE I WAS TOO DRUNK!

CLICK

GIMME THAT CAMERA.





Dear Mr. Robo,

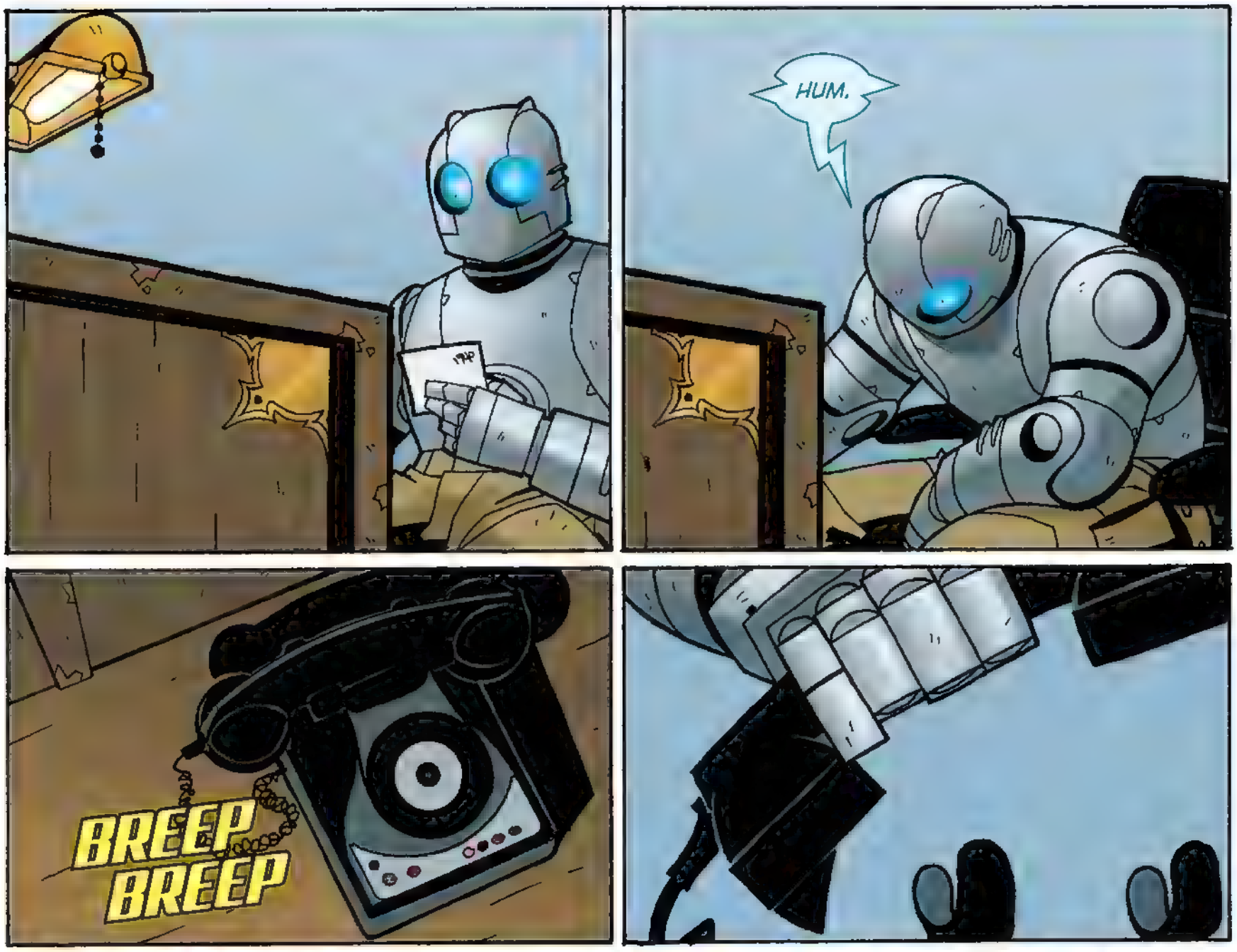
My name is Gracie Simmons. My grandfather, Charlie Simmons, served with you in the Flying Tigers.

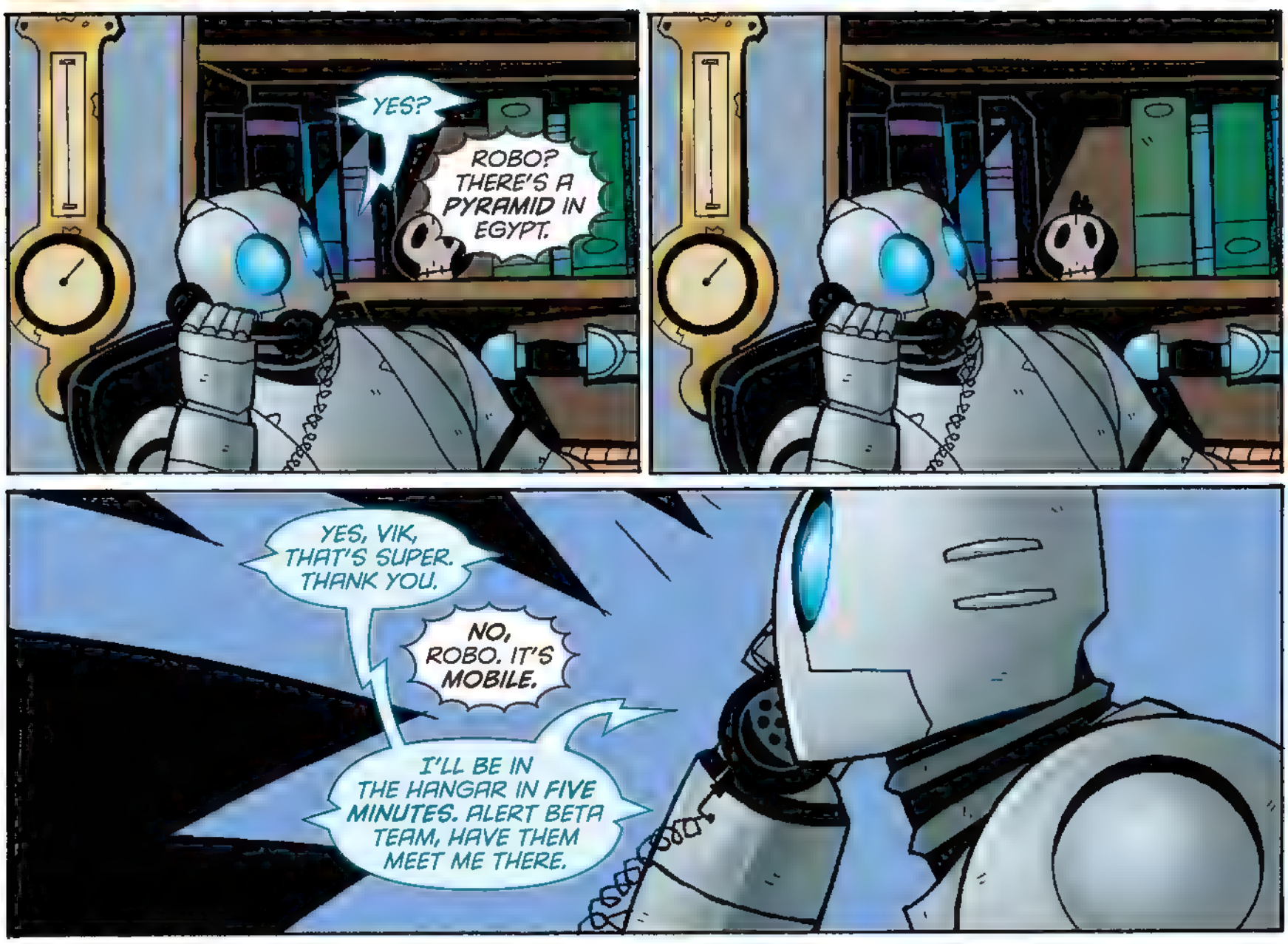
I'm writing today to inform you that my grandfather passed away. As you may not know, Grandpa Charlie had been battling cancer for over a year. He responded well to the chemo, but in the end it wasn't enough.

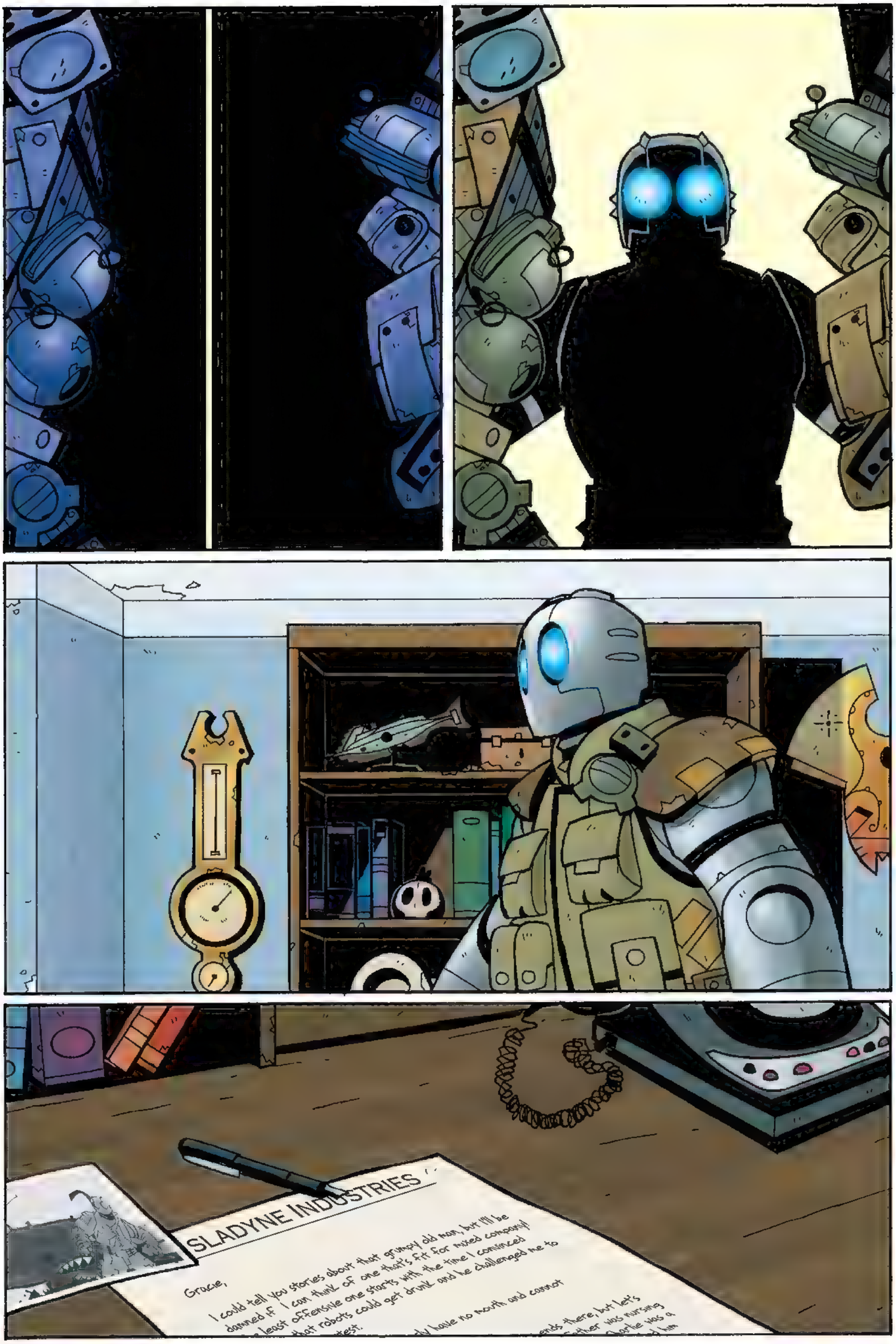
The family had been settling his estate. I found the enclosed photo and thought that he'd have wanted you to have it.

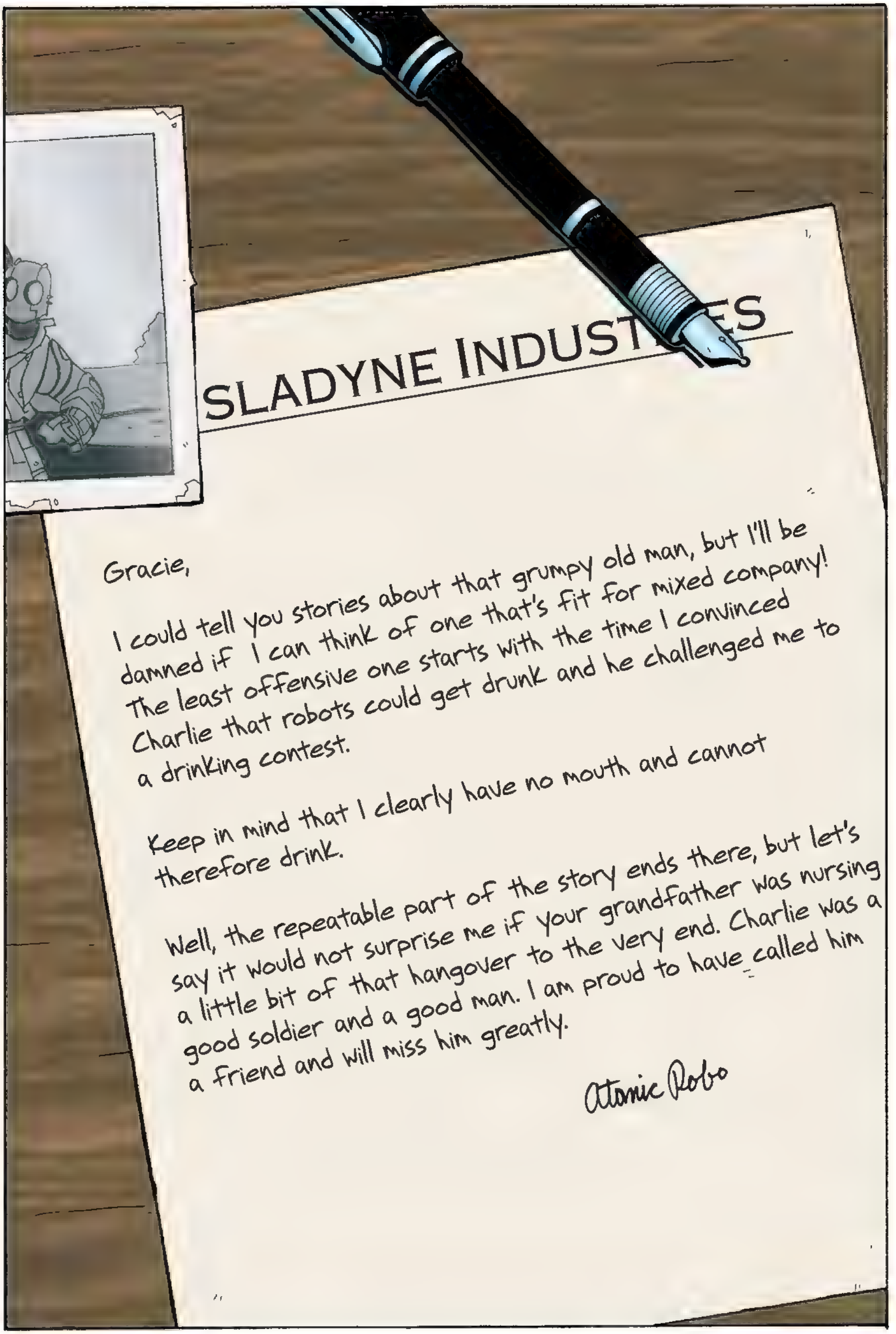
I'm not sure how to end this. Thank you for being my grandfather's friend.

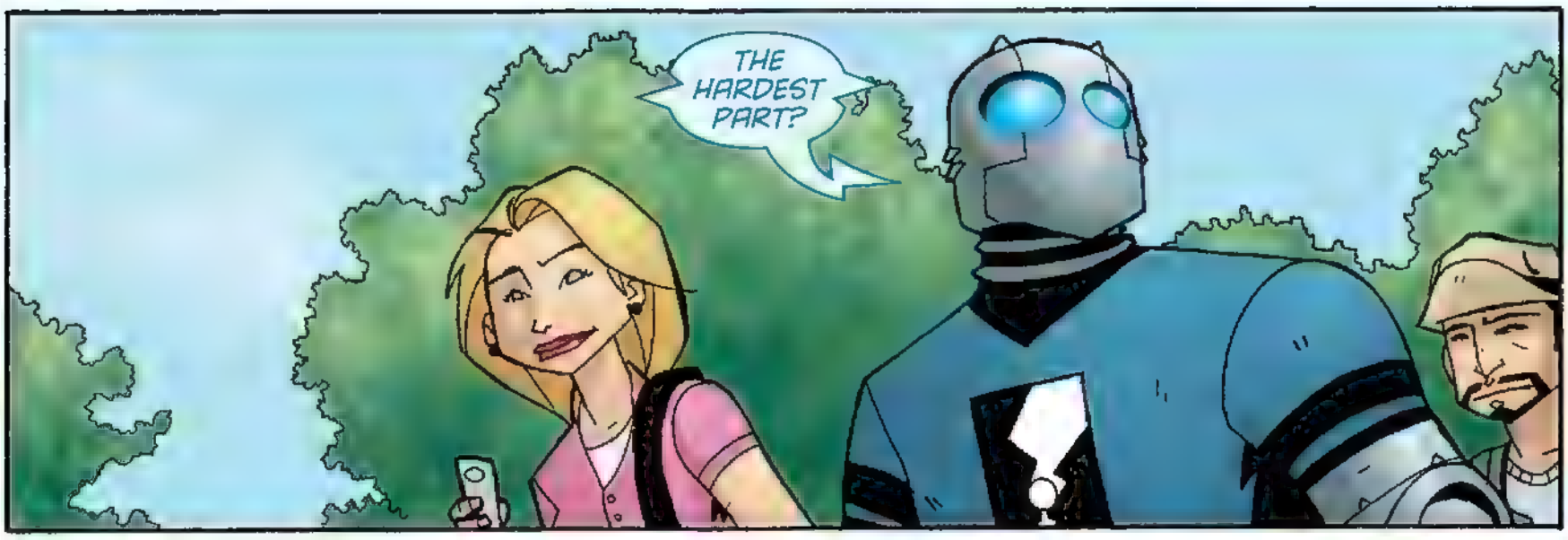
Sincerely,
Gracie

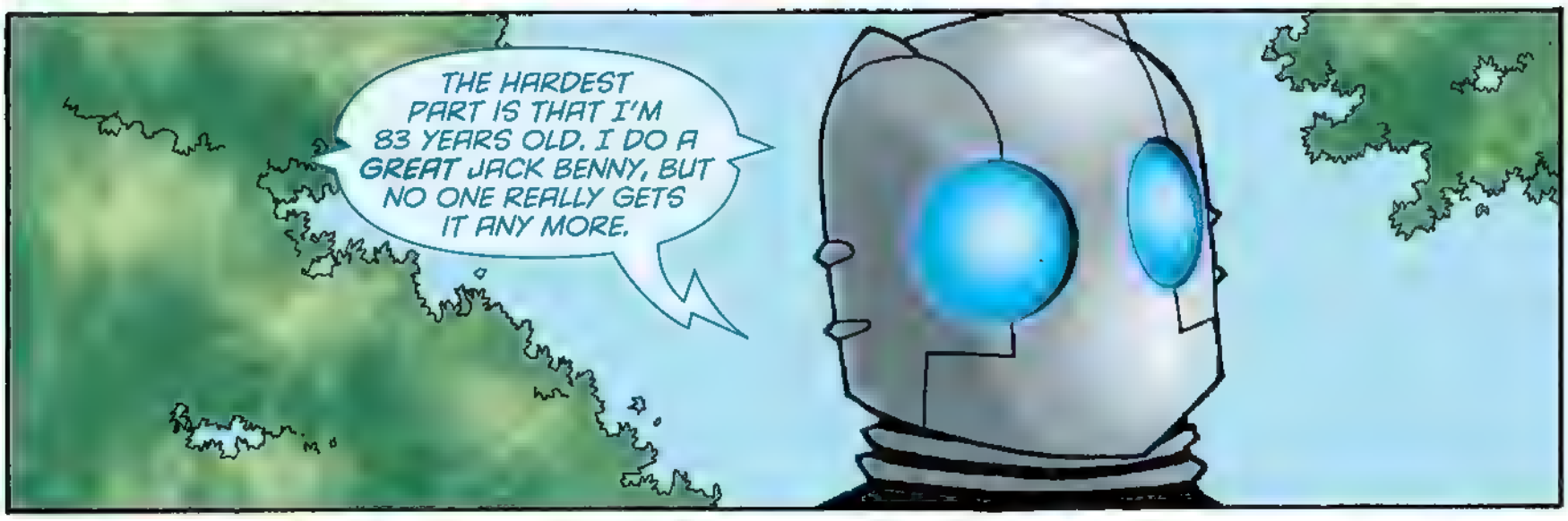

HUM.
BREEP BREEP

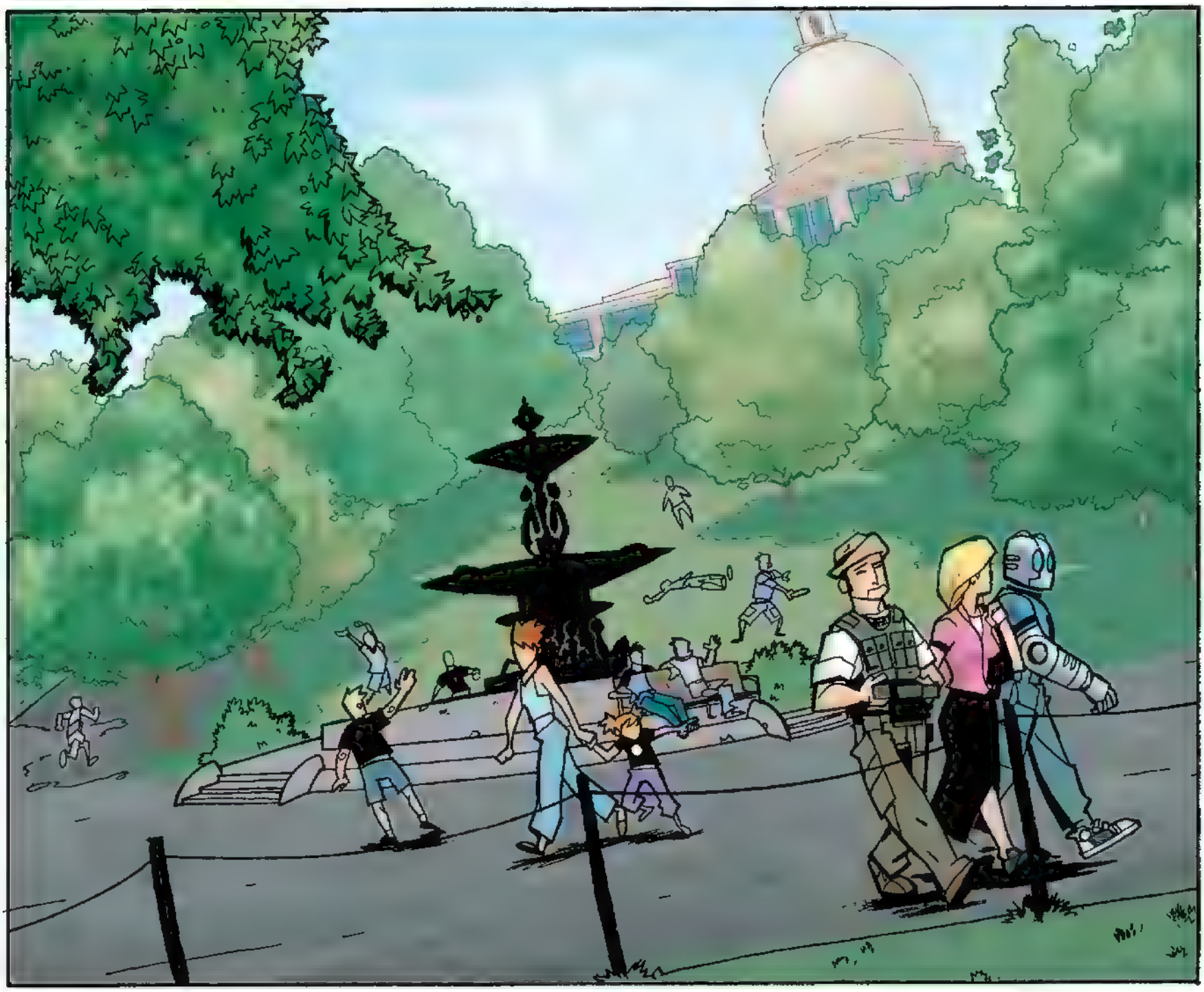

YES?
ROBO? THERE'S A PYRAMID IN EGYPT.
YES, VIK, THAT'S SUPER. THANK YOU.
NO, ROBO. IT'S MOBILE.
I'LL BE IN THE HANGAR IN FIVE MINUTES. ALERT BETA TEAM, HAVE THEM MEET ME THERE.


SLADYNE INDUSTRIES
Gracie,
I could tell you stories about that grumpy old man, but I'll be
damned if I can think of one that's fit for mixed company!
least offensive one starts with the time I convinced
that robots could get drunk and he challenged me to
test.
have no north and cannot
ends there, but let's
ther was nursing
harlie was a
him

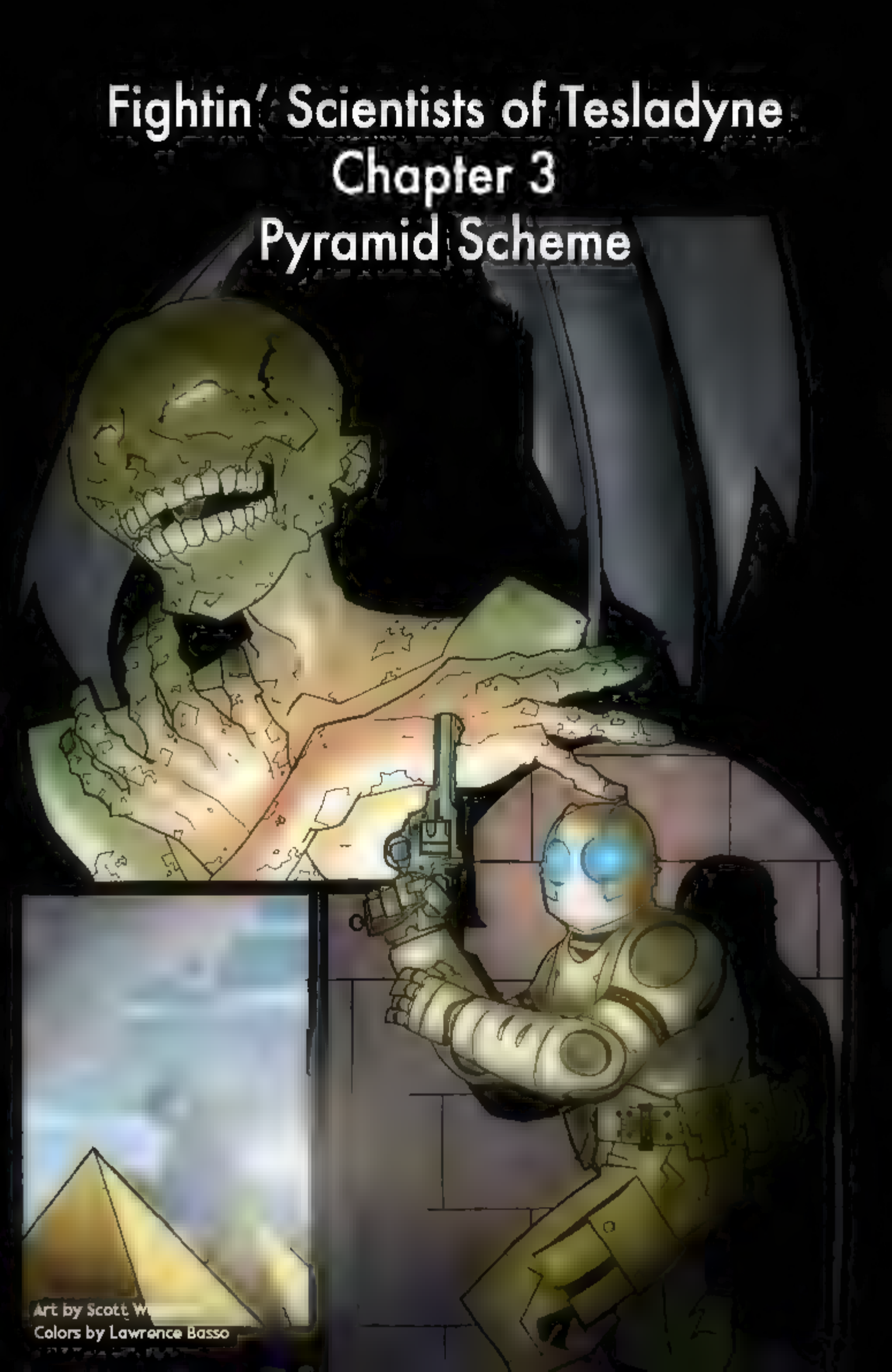

SLADYNE INDUST ES
Gracie,
I could tell you stories about that grumpy old man, but I'll be damned if I can think of one that's fit for mixed company! The least offensive one starts with the time I convinced Charlie that robots could get drunk and he challenged me to a drinking contest.
Keep in mind that I clearly have no mouth and cannot therefore drink.
Well, the repeatable part of the story ends there, but let's say it would not surprise me if your grandfather was nursing a little bit of that hangover to the very end. Charlie was a good soldier and a good man. I am proud to have called him a friend and will miss him greatly.
Atomic Robo


THE HARDEST PART?


THE HARDEST PART IS THAT I'M 83 YEARS OLD. I DO A GREAT JACK BENNY, BUT NO ONE REALLY GETS IT ANY MORE.



Fightin' Scientists of Tesladyne
Chapter 3
Pyramid Scheme



Art by Scott W
Colors by Lawrence Basso

TESLADYNE HANGAR, 3:13 AM.

VIK, C'MON. YOU'VE STILL GOT THAT RENO DATA TO GO OVER. I NEED A FRESH TEAM OUT THERE. YOU'VE BEEN AWAKE FOR OVER TWENTY-SIX HOURS NOW. YOU'RE EXHAUSTED. I CAN READ YOUR BRAINWAVES WITH MY FANCY ROBOT EYES.

REALLY?

OF COURSE NOT. THE MERE FACT YOU'D BELIEVE THAT TELLS ME YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE FOR FIELD WORK RIGHT NOW.

ROBO.

JENKINS.

WHAT ABOUT JENKINS! HE HASN'T SLEPT EITHER, AND YOU'RE LETTING HIM GO!

JENKINS DOESN'T SLEEP. HE HOLDS BACK.

OH, DON'T GIVE ME THAT. HE MAY BE EX-SEAL BERET DELTA OR WHATEVER, BUT HE'S STILL HUMAN.

HIT THE RENO DATA WITH THE REST OF ALPHA TEAM WHEN YOU WAKE UP. SOMETHING MADE THOSE ANTS GIGANTIC, AND I WANT A FULL REPORT ON IT WHEN I GET BACK.

DID JENKINS COME THROUGH HERE?

JUST FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF BODIES.

YOU REALLY ENJOY CULTIVATING AN AIR OF TERROR, DON'T YOU?

"HERE'S WHAT WE KNOW SO FAR..."

CAIRO, EGYPT.
FOURTEEN HOURS LATER.

THERE'S A MOBILE PYRAMID WANDERING THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

YOU CAN SEE WHERE IT DUG ITSELF OUT OF THE EARTH AND TRACE ITS PATH FROM THERE.

SEEMS A LITTLE ERRATIC.

AT FIRST, YEAH THEN IT KIND OF BEE-LINES STRAIGHT TO...

200 ft
100 m

LUXOR.

ASSUMING IT KEEPS CURRENT COURSE AND SPEED, IT'LL HIT TOMORROW AT 20:00 LOCAL TIME AT BEST.

AND THEY WANT **US** TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO **STOP** IT WITHOUT BLOWING IT UP.

THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY'S BEEN ORDERED TO STAY CLEAR, BUT WE ARE ASSURED THEIR FULL COOPERATION.

EGYPT'S ENJOYED A **LONG** HISTORY OF **NOT** BLOWING UP PYRAMIDS, I THINK THEY AIM TO STICK TO THAT.

BUT WHY US?

JUST DOESN'T SEEM WEIRD *ENOUGH.*

*YOU KNOW OF SOME **OTHER** ORGANIZATION SANCTIONED BY THE U.N. TO INVESTIGATE WEIRDNESS?*

THEY PROBABLY THINK IT'S GOT MUMMIES.

JUDGING BY HOW THESE THINGS USUALLY GO, I THINK IT'S SAFER TO ***ASSUME*** MUMMIES UNTIL PROVEN OTHERWISE

*THAT'S JUST GOOD ADVICE IN **ANY** LINE OF WORK.*

NOW LET'S LOAD UP THE PLANE. WE'LL HEAD OUT IN THE MORNING.

THE NEXT MORNING.

Y'KNOW WHAT WE NEED MORE OF? ROCKET LAUNCHERS.

SEE, THIS IS WHY YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY SO MANY VIDEO GAMES.

AGREED.

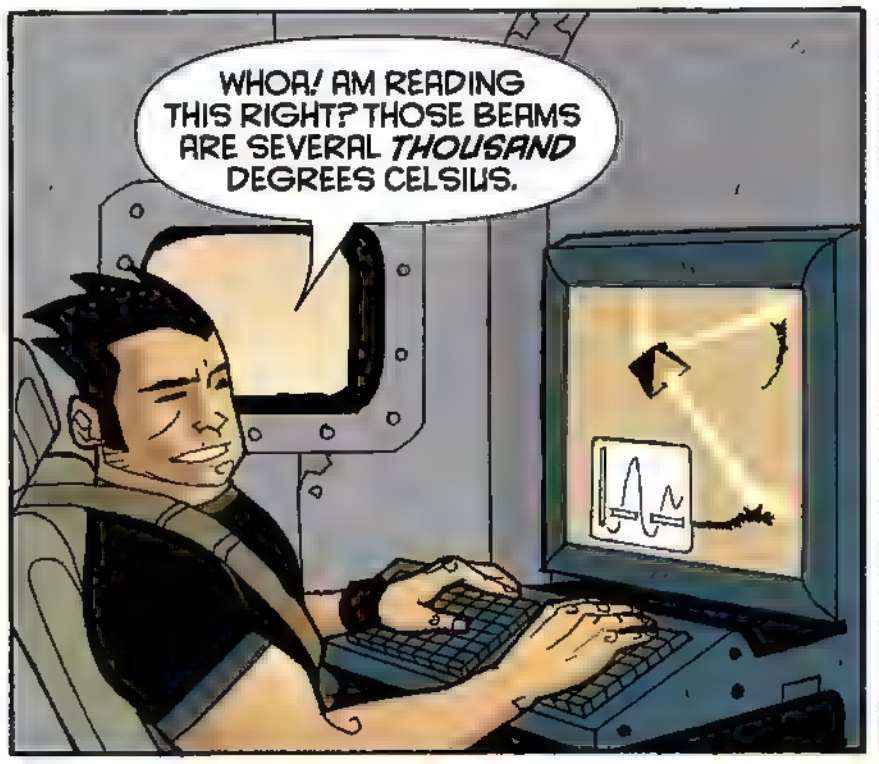
I CAN BEAT MEGAMAN 2 WITHOUT GETTING HIT.

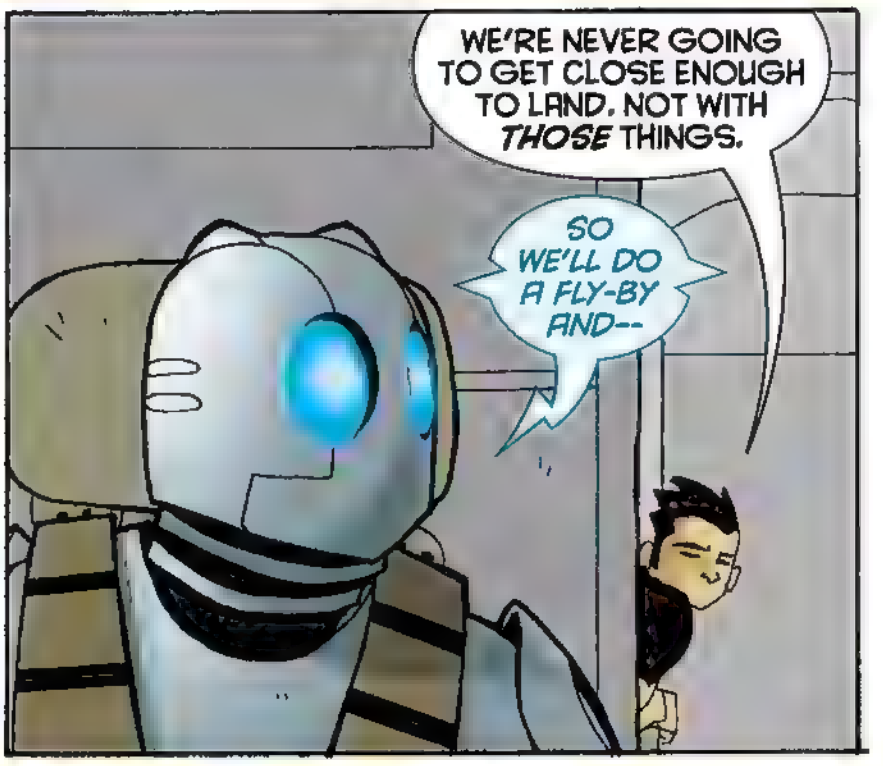
THAT IS THE SADDEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD.

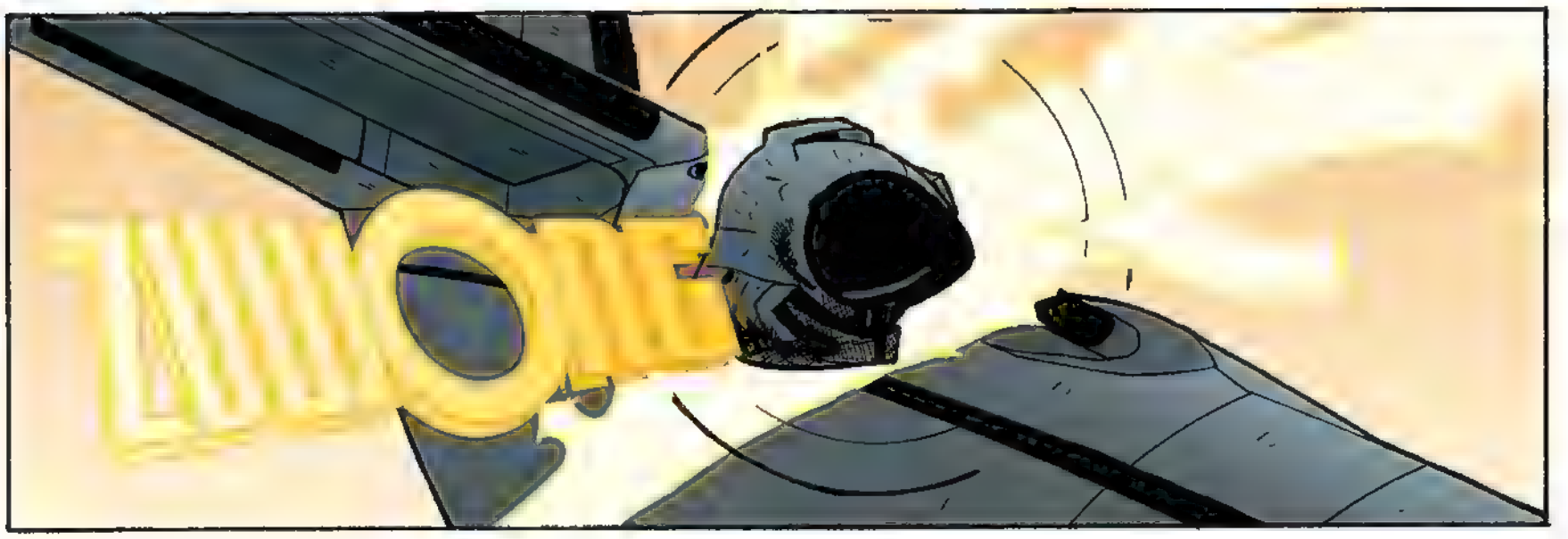
WHAT THE...?

"GUYS, I'M UPLOADING MY VISUALS. TELL ME YOU'RE GETTING THIS."

ZUCHE


WHOA! AM READING THIS RIGHT? THOSE BEAMS ARE SEVERAL *THOUSAND* DEGREES CELSIUS.


WE'RE NEVER GOING TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO LAND. NOT WITH *THOSE* THINGS.
SO WE'LL DO A FLY-BY AND--


ZUCHE

WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN EVERY TIME YOU'RE AT THE STICK?

SHUT UP, SHUT UP!

SKROOOOM

PYRAMID SCHEME

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL

ROBO, THE EGYPTIANS WANT TO KNOW, *ONE,* WHY THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY IS ATTACKING SAND AND, *TWO,* WHAT WE PLAN TO DO ABOUT IT.

WE HAVE TO NUKE IT.

DON'T TELL THEM THAT.

I HATE TO BE THE VOICE OF REASON HERE, BUT AN AMERICAN PARAMILITARY FORCE DROPPING NUKES IN THE MIDDLE EAST WILL NOT BE LOOKED UPON FAVORABLY BY *ANYONE IN THE WORLD.*

I DIDN'T FOUND THIS CRAZY ORGANIZATION TO NOT NUKE THINGS.

THEY DIDN'T *HAVE* NUKES WHEN YOU STARTED THE COMPANY.

YES, BUT SHUT UP. IT SHOT US OUT OF THE SKY WITH A DEATHRAY!

IT PROBABLY FOCUSES SUNLIGHT THROUGH A SERIES OF MIRRORS AND LENSES.

NO WAY IT CAN BE THAT POWERFUL.

IT'S SOUND IN THEORY. SOLAR DEATHRAY DESIGN WAS MY DOCTORATE THESIS.

WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW IS *WHY* IS IT SHOOTING DEATHRAYS, AND HOW DO WE STOP IT.

GOOD POINTS, BUT IF I MAY--WHY WERE YOU WRITING ABOUT SOLAR POWERED DEATHRAYS?

I FIGURED THE THREAT OF RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT MEANT THERE'D BE A MARKET FOR *ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY* MEANS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

THAT'S PRETTY TWISTED, MISTER.

CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS WHEN A HUNDRED THOUSAND LUXOR-ITES *AREN'T* IN JEOPARDY?

THE TECHNOLOGY HAD *POTENTIAL* FOR NON-APOCALYPTIC APPLICATIONS.

IN *THEORY.*

LET'S JUST GET BACK TO THE MISSION.

CAREFUL WITH HER.

THIS AIN'T MY FIRST TIME AT THE RODEO.

WHAT DOES THAT *MEAN?*

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, WHERE'S THE POWER BUTTON THIS THING?

THE EGYPTIANS ARE *STILL* WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, ROBO.

RIGHT, OF COURSE. TELL THEM I HAVE A PLAN.

WHEN DO *WE* GET TO HEAR IT?

WE'RE USING GLADYS.

BRRRRUMMM

DIDN'T NEED YOU DUMB JERKS TO TELL ME HOW TO TURN IT ON ANYWAY, NYA.

IS THERE GOING TO BE ENOUGH ROOM FOR EVERYONE IN THERE?

NO. NOW C'MON!

VRRRUMM

ARE YOU STILL RECEIVING ME, MR. PRESIDENT?

GLADYS

YES, ROBO.

WE ESTIMATE THE PYRAMID'S ZONE OF ATTACK WILL REACH LUXOR WITHIN THE HOUR.

OUR MEN AGREE.

DO I HAVE YOUR PERMISSION TO INFILTRATE AND NEUTRALIZE?

YOU DO.

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.

ROBO.

YES, MR. PRESIDENT?

THAT PYRAMID REPRESENTS AN INCREDIBLE WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE FOR MY NATION AND HER HERITAGE.

THE WELFARE OF LUXOR AND HER PEOPLE ARE YOUR PRIORITY, BUT **PLEASE**, PROMISE THAT YOU WILL NOT DO ANYTHING **RASH.**

UM...

ROBO?

I PROMISE THAT YOUR PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED.

WITH VIOLENT SCIENCE.

THAT IS **SO** A BAND NAME.

I'M SURE YOUR GUNS WILL WORK WONDERS AGAINST A GIANT STONE PYRAMID.

ADA, HOW'D YOU...?

THE PANOPTICA PILOTING SYSTEM. IT FEEDS THE PILOT A 360 DEGREE VIEW DIRECTLY INTO THE VISUALCORTEX.

DIDN'T TESTING SHOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE INTERFACE CAUSING A SEVERE DISCONNECT WITH REALITY? ISN'T THAT WHY WE CANCELLED THAT PROJECT?

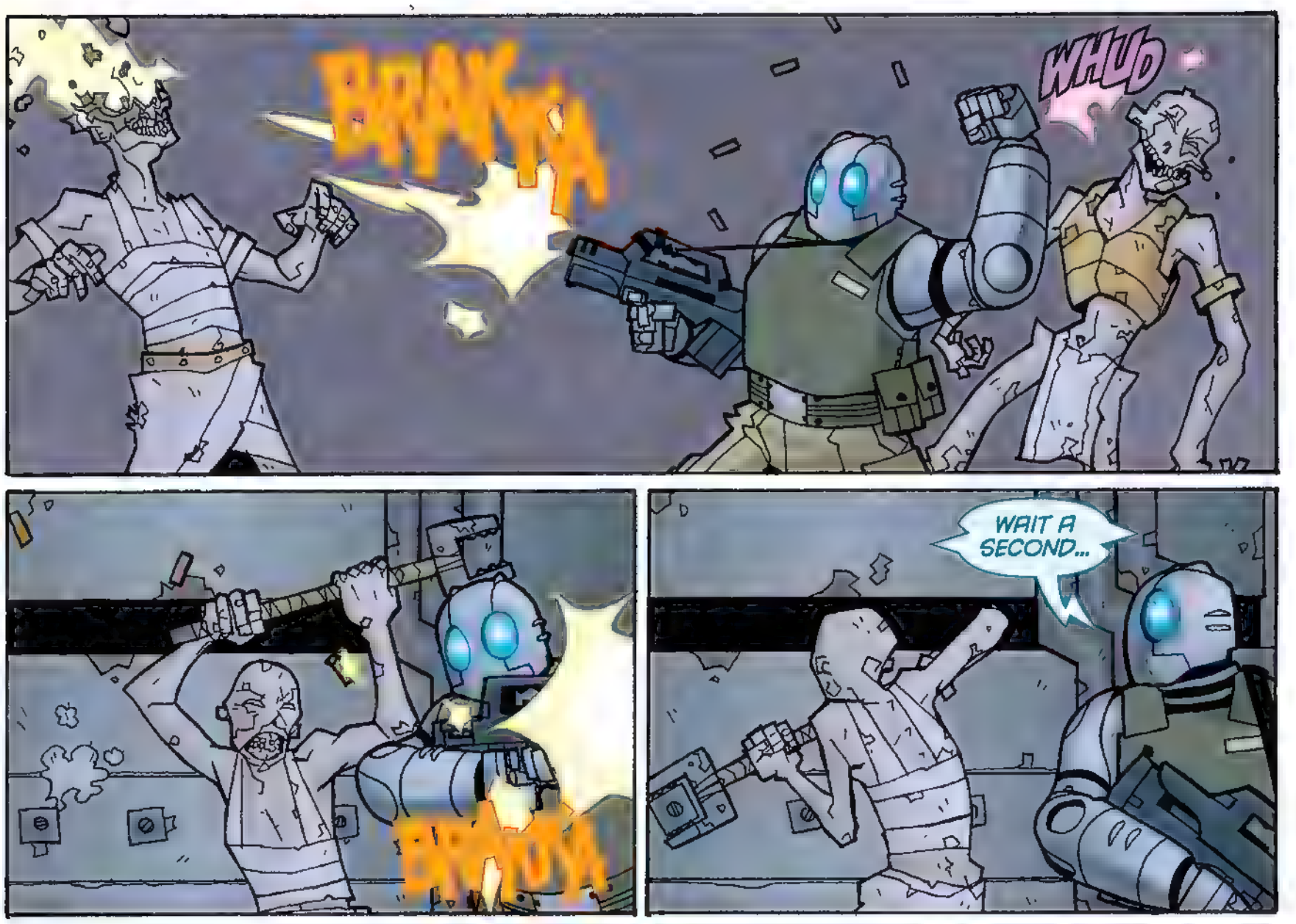
YES.

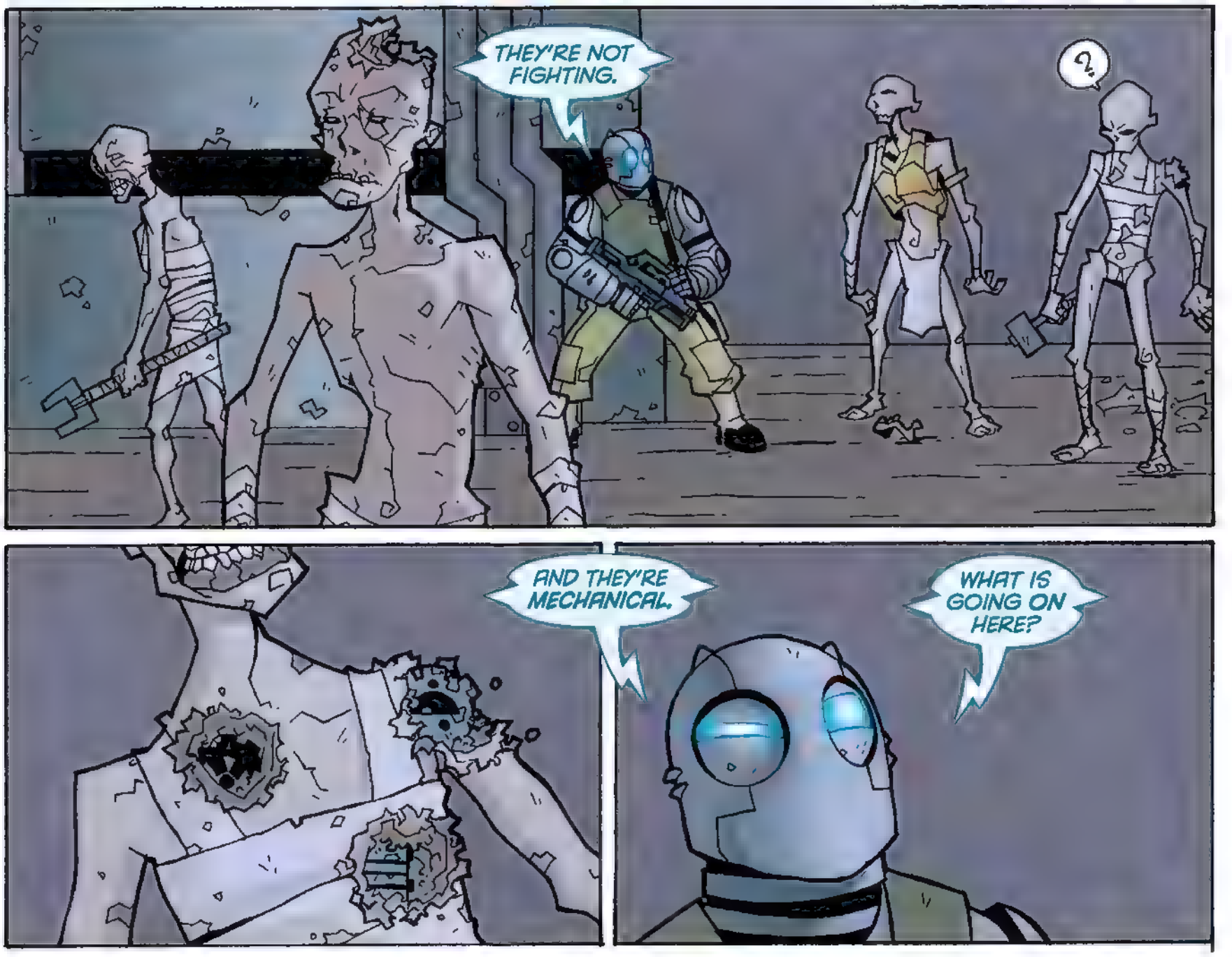
JUST STAY SANE ENOUGH TO KEEP A FEW HUNDRED YARDS OUT OF DEATHRAY RANGE UNTIL I'VE SHUT IT ALL DOWN.

AND HOW'RE YOU GOING TO DO THAT?

THE TOP IS WIDE OPEN. I'LL CRAWL IN, PUNCH A FEW IMPORTANT PARTS, AND CALL IT A DAY.

MUMMIES!
BRAAA

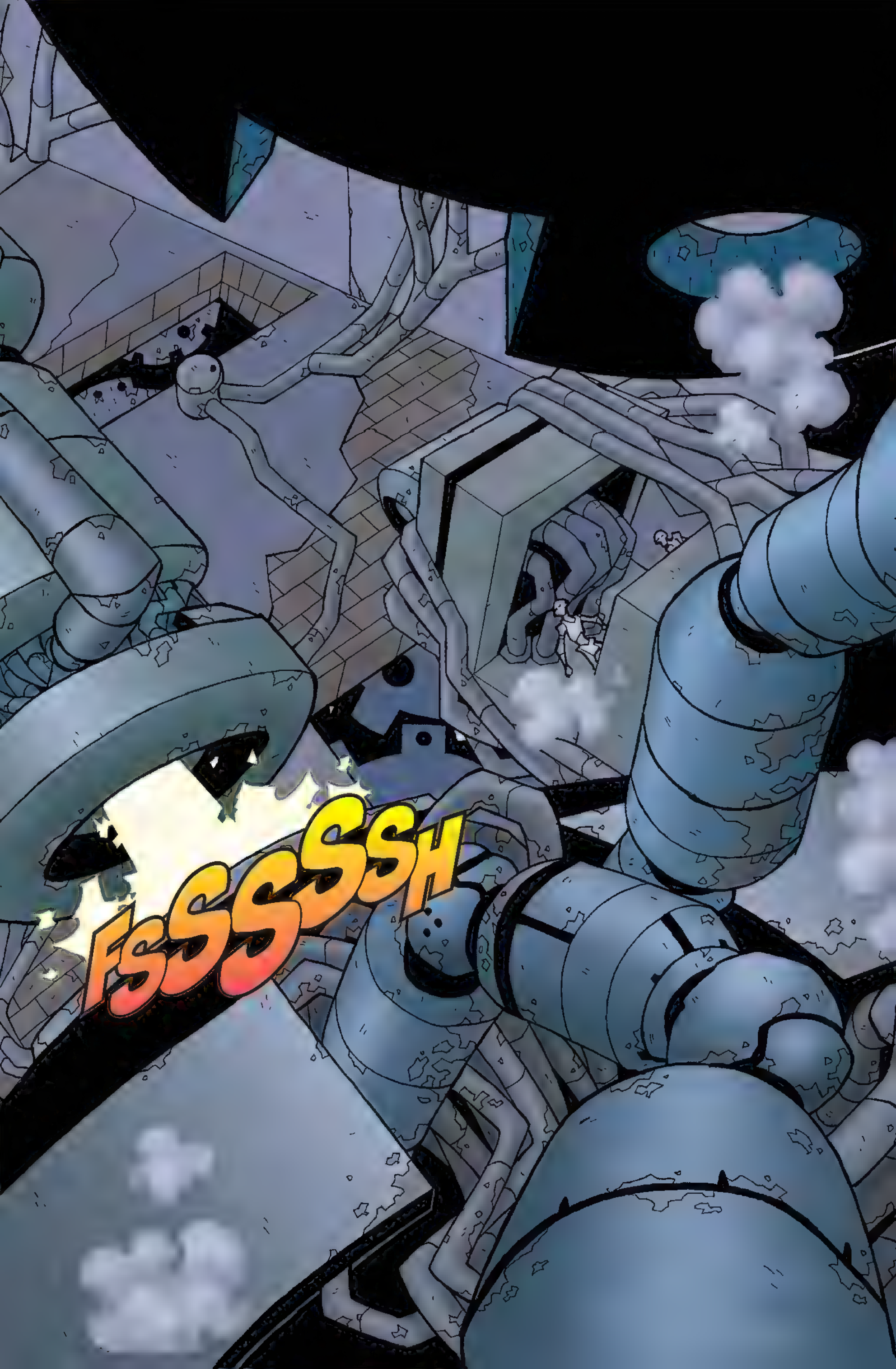

BRAKKA
WHUD
BRAKKA
WAIT A SECOND...


THEY'RE NOT FIGHTING.
?
AND THEY'RE MECHANICAL.
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

OH.

CLICK-KA-CLACK

FOOOOOSH


FSSSSSH

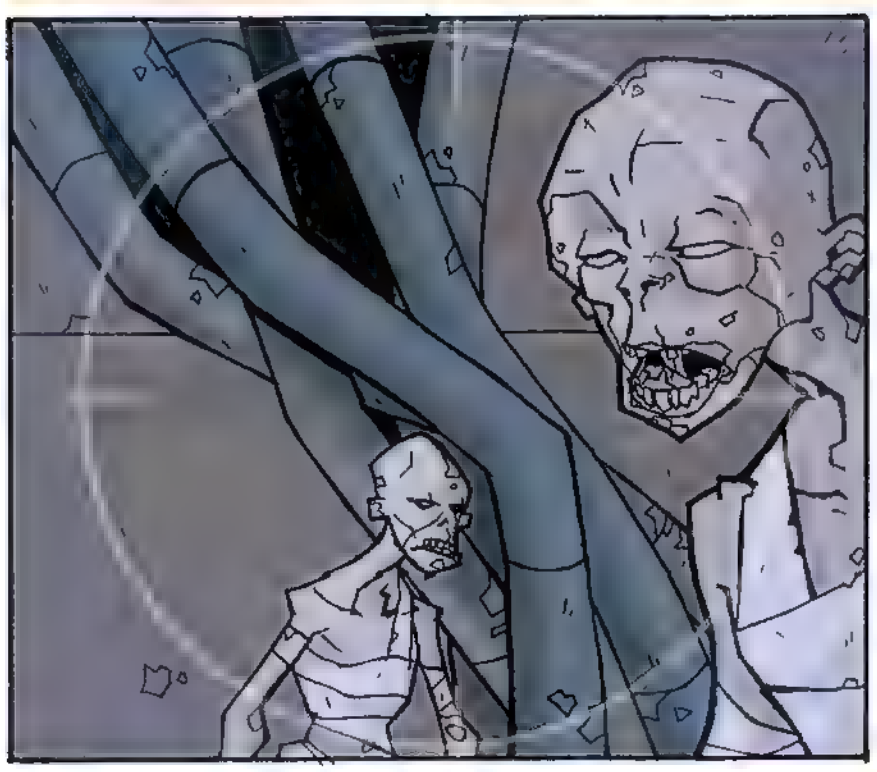
ARE YOU GUYS GETTING THIS?

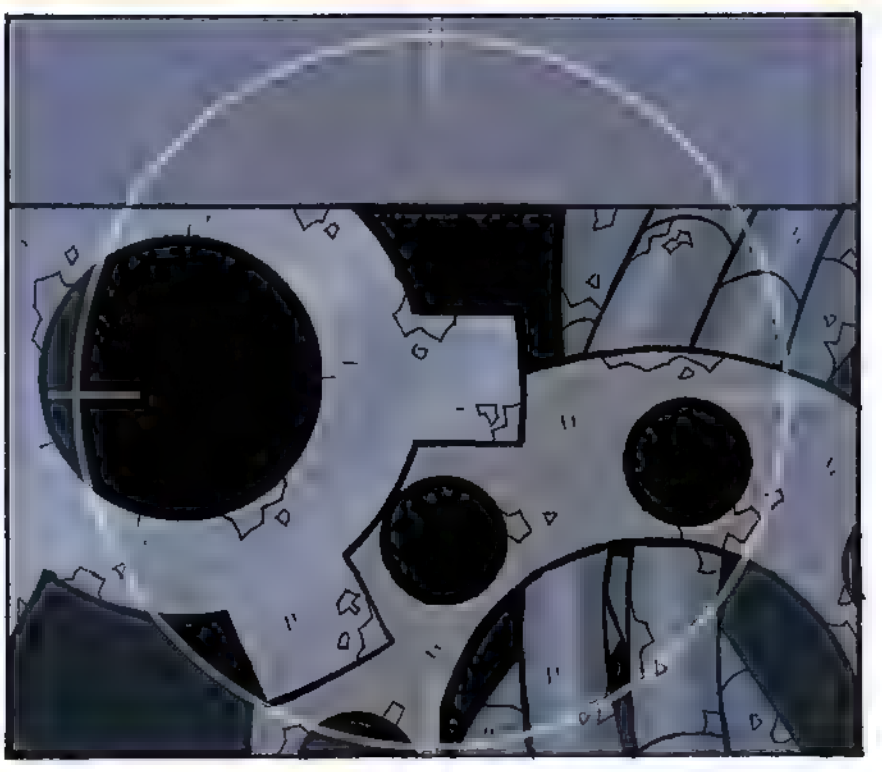
YEAH, ROBO, VISUALS ARE CLEAN.

OKAY. WHAT AM I SEEING?

I THINK IT'S CLEAR. WE'RE LOOKING AT FIVE THOUSAND YEAR OLD STEAMPOWERED PYRAMID SUPERTANK. THIS IS *WONDERFUL!*

BUT WHY IS IT MOVING? WHY *NOW?*





A GIANT WATERCLOCK CARRYING OUT A PROGRAM THAT TOOK FIVE *THOUSAND* YEARS TO COMPUTE.

THE STEAM PROVIDES MOTIVE POWER WHILE CONDENSED WATER PROVIDES COMPUTATIONAL POWER! THE ***ENTIRE INTERIOR*** IS A HUGE MECHANICAL COMPUTER!

THE SHEER ENGINEERING ***GENIUS*** INVOLVED HERE IS ***ASTOUNDING!***

ROBO, YOU'VE ***GOT*** TO STOP THE PYRAMID. THE EGYPTIANS HAVE A SQUAD OF TANKS AT THE CITY LIMITS WITH ORDERS TO REDUCE IT TO GRAVEL IF IT GETS TOO CLOSE TO LUXOR.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS BLASTING THE GIANT FOCUSING CRYSTAL OUTTA ALIGNMENT AND SITTING BACK WHILE THE WHOLE THING GRINDS TO A HALT.

KA-
KOOOM

Fightin' Scientists of Tesladyne
Chapter 4
Atomic Robo of Mars

KA-
KOOOM

ROBO? THIS IS THE EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT SPEAKING. WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?

AND WHERE IS OUR PYRAMID?

THERE HE IS!

WHUD

GLADYS

DID YOU *SEE* THAT!

ROBO, BUDDY, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

IS HE ALIVE? WE NEED A VOLTMETER TO CHECK HIS PULSE.

WE CAN RESTART HIS BRAIN WITH A LIGHTNING GUN CORE.

ROBO, MY MEN ON THE GROUND ARE SAYING THAT YOU HAVE ***DESTROYED*** THE PYRAMID.

WE READY TO DO THIS?

ROBO?

OKAY, DOES ANYONE KNOW ***ANYTHING*** ABOUT HOW HE WORKS?

I HELPED HIM CALIBRATE A COUPLE SERVOS ONCE.

ROBO?

ROBO?

ROBO?

HM? OH, JUST CHECKING THE UNDERCARRIAGE. KICKING THE TIRES, LOOKING FOR LEAKS, THAT SORT OF THING.

ALL THIS SCIENCE'LL GO TO WASTE IF SHE CAN'T HANDLE IMPACT.

DEATH VALLEY, CA, 1974

IT SHOULD PROVE TO BE A *ROBUST* PLATFORM.

THAT IS WHY I INVITED YOU OUT HERE, ROBO.

UNMANNED MISSIONS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE EXTRATERRESTRIAL EXPLORATION.

RUSSIA'S MARS PROGRAM HAS MET WITH *FAILURE.* TWO PROBES SENT, TWO PROBES *LOST.* NASA IS NOW UNDER A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF *PRESSURE* TO DELIVER A SUCCESSFUL MARTIAN LANDING.

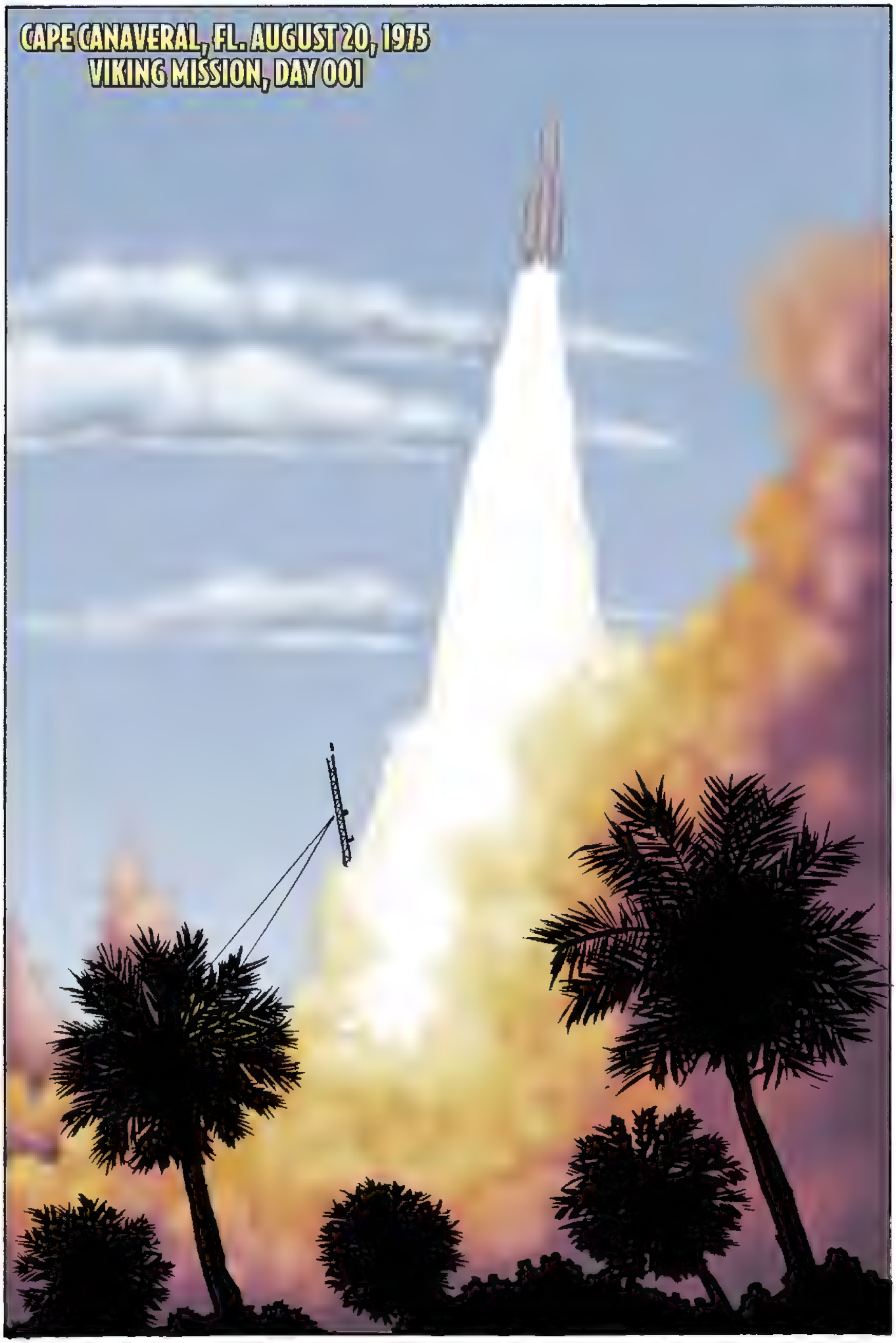
WHETHER VIKING FAILS *OR* SUCCEEDS, A *BILLION* DOLLARS WILL BE SPENT ON IT IN THE END.

SHOULD VIKING *FAIL,* THE EMBARRASSMENT *COUPLED* WITH THE EXPENSE WILL VERY LIKELY PUT AN *END* TO EXTRATERRESTRIAL EXPLORATION FOR A *GENERATION.*

THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE UNMANNED SPACE PROGRAM *DEPENDS* ON THIS MISSION, ROBO. WE WOULD LIKE SOME *INSURANCE.*

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, CARL?

ROBO, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE TRIP TO *MARS?*


CAPE CANAVERAL, FL. AUGUST 20, 1975
VIKING MISSION, DAY 001

DAY 003

EMERALD CITY, THIS IS TIN MAN.

WE READ YOU, TIN MAN.

YEAH, SORRY TO BOTHER YOU GUYS WITH THIS, BUT I CAN'T FIND THE REST OF MY READING MATERIAL.

READING MATERIAL?

I WAS PROMISED BOOKS AND THINGS TO KEEP ME FROM LOSING MY MIND.

OKAY, YEAH. INVENTORY SHOWS TWO KILOGRAMS IN MAGAZINES. SHOULD BE LOCATED IN THE OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT.

RIGHT, FIVE MAGAZINES. I FOUND THOSE. WHERE'S THE REST?

THE REST?

THIS IS A TEN MONTH TRIP.

UM, I'M NOT SHOWING ANY OTHER--

GET SAGAN ON THE HORN.

DR. SAGAN?

AT THIS HOUR?

SOMEBODY GET HIM.

IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING!

SOMETHING ABOUT "READING MATERIAL."

WHAT, LIKE ROBOT PORNOGRAPHY?

WOULD THAT BE PICTURES OR EROTIC LITERATURE?

QUIET, PLEASE.

WE ARE *COMMUNICATING* ACROSS THE VAST *CHASM* OF SPACE.

OR DO WE TRULY *WANT* THE PHRASE *"ROBOT PORNOGRAPHY"* TO BE BROADCAST ACROSS THE *COSMOS* TO BE SOME DISTANT, ADVANCED *ALIEN* CIVILIZATION'S *FIRST* IMPRESSION OF MANKIND?

I RATHER THOUGHT *NOT.*

NOW THEN, ROBO, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE HAVING SOME *DIFFICULTY?*

*I KNOW IT SEEMS LIKE A SMALL THING, BUT I'M GONNA NEED MORE THAN **FIVE MAGAZINES** TO ENTERTAIN MYSELF FOR A **TWO YEAR ROUND TRIP.***

*I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY DON'T YOU SIMPLY GO INTO YOUR **STAND-BY** MODE?*

*YEAH, THAT'D BE GREAT, BUT I DON'T **HAVE** A STAND-BY MODE.*

IT'S A SORT OF *HIBERNATIVE* STATE, I BELIEVE.

IT'S NOTED RIGHT HERE...

The subject, ATOMIC ROBO, is able to enter a power saving state that puts his higher brain functions on hold. This ability makes him the ideal candidate for Viking's envoy, as it renders him immune to the psychological effects of extreme isolation and boredom associated with long-term space travel.

...IN YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE.

YOU ASKED ME TO ACT AS THE TOP SECRET ESCORT FOR YOUR BILLION DOLLAR MISSION BECAUSE I COULD RIDE IN THIS BUCKET WITHOUT AIR OR A TOILET.

I'M THE ONLY ADVENTURE SCIENTIST ROBOT AVAILABLE. THERE NEVER WAS A PYSCH EVALUATION.

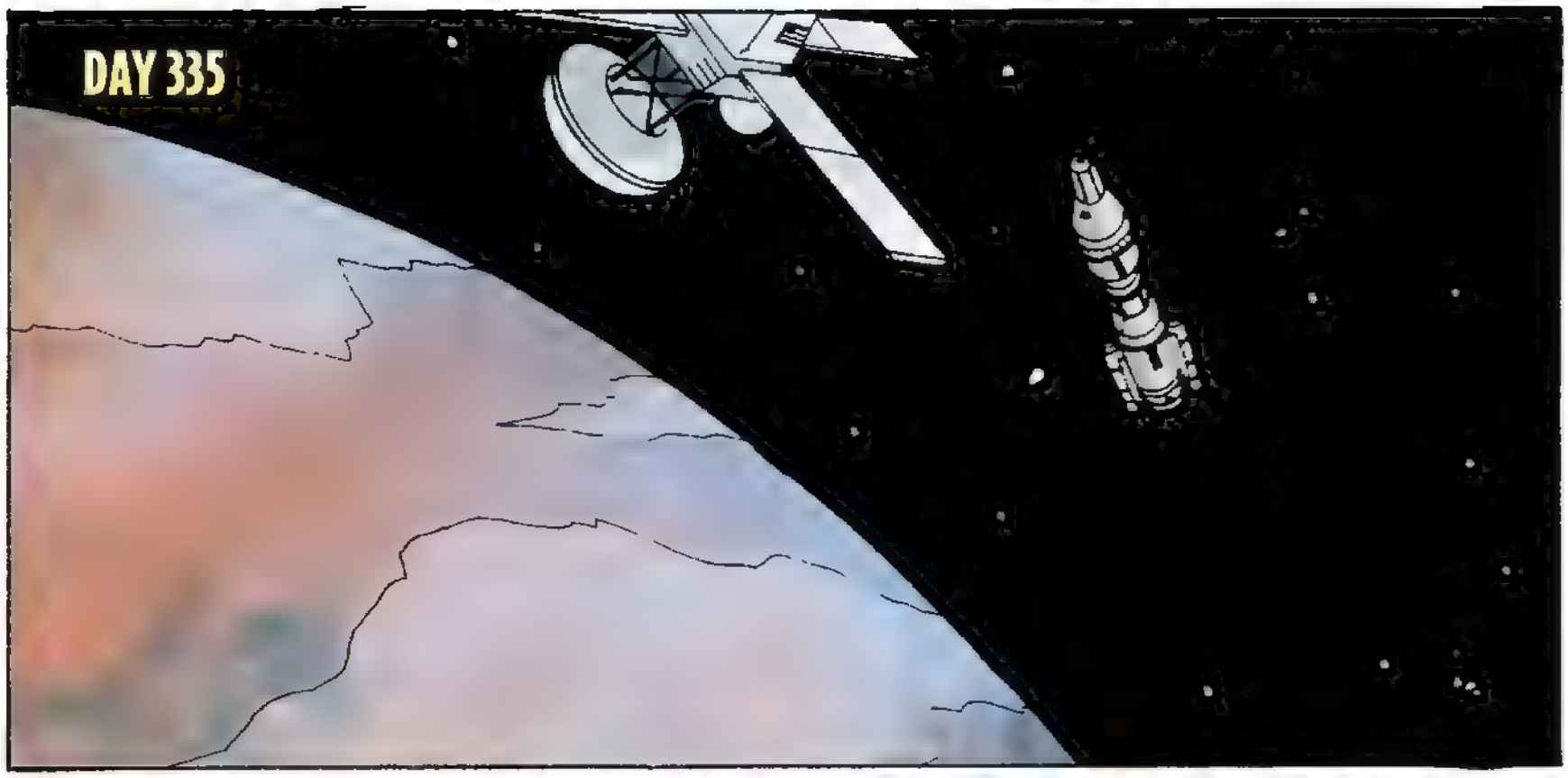
IT'S RIGHT HERE, I'M LOOKING AT IT. "ATOMIC ROBO PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE, AS CONDUCTED BY PROFESSOR STEPHEN HAWKING".

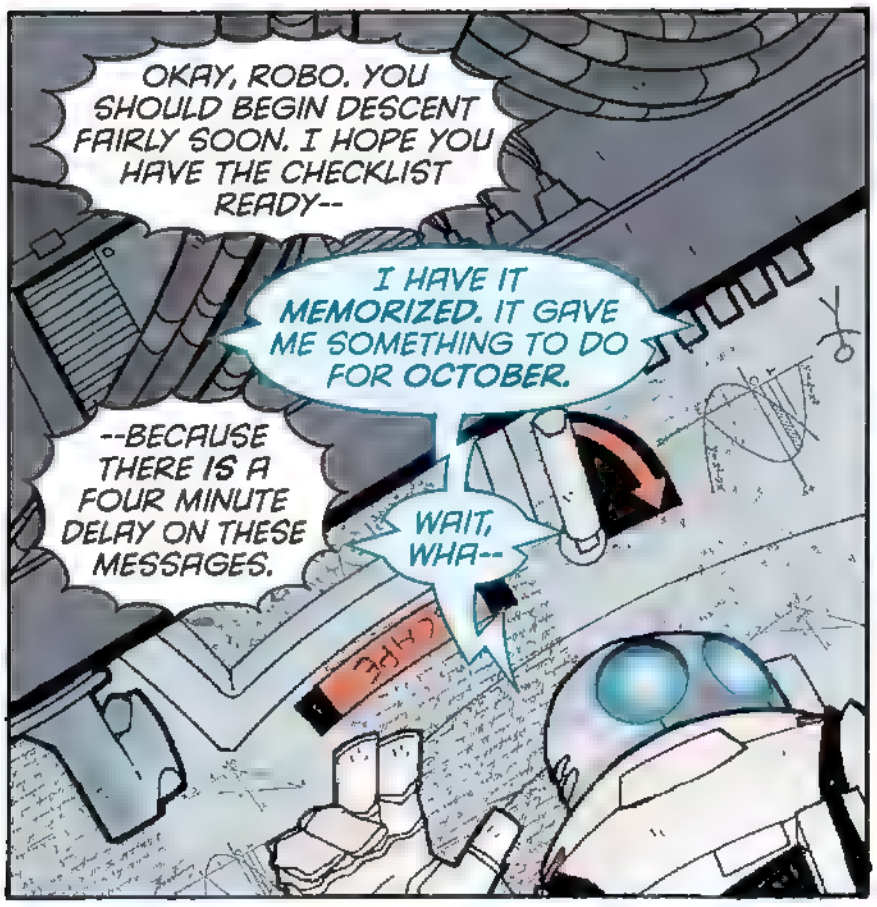
STEPHEN.

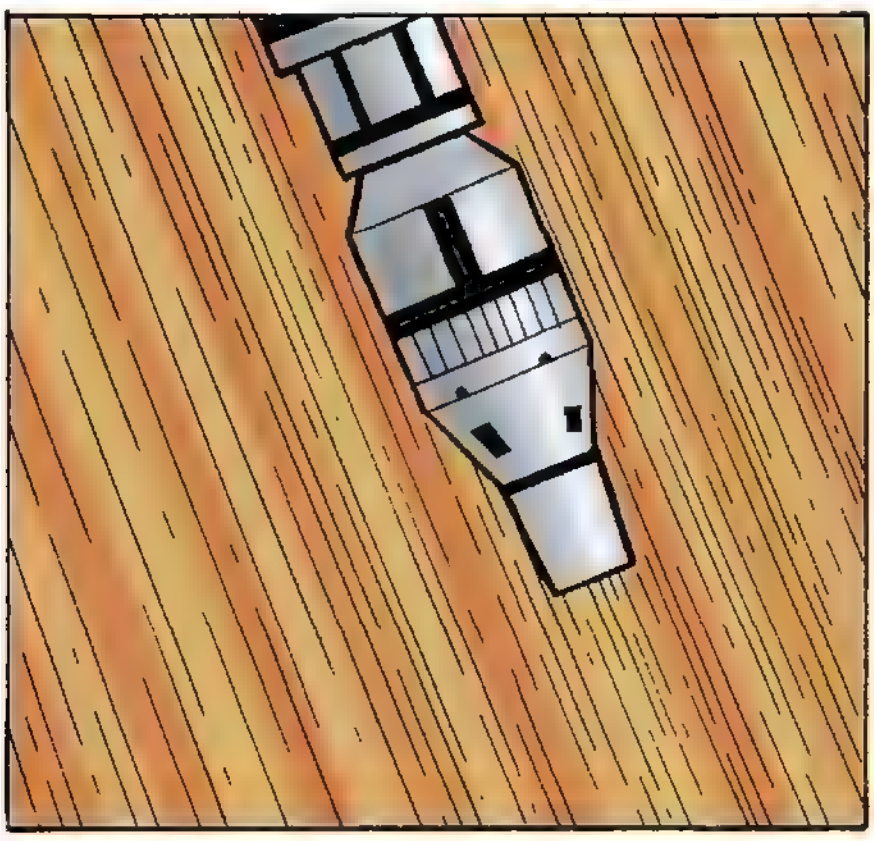
HAWKING.

YOU SURE HAVE BEEN IN GOOD SPIRITS LATELY, PROFESSOR.

YES. YES I HAVE.


DAY 335


OKAY, ROBO. YOU SHOULD BEGIN DESCENT FAIRLY SOON. I HOPE YOU HAVE THE CHECKLIST READY--
I HAVE IT MEMORIZED. IT GAVE ME SOMETHING TO DO FOR OCTOBER.
--BECAUSE THERE IS A FOUR MINUTE DELAY ON THESE MESSAGES.
WAIT, WHA--



POINTY END UP, POINTY END UP!
WOOP WOOP WOOP

KCHAK

KLAK

ARES

FOOM

FWUMP

ONE SMALL STEP FOR A ROBOT...

...ONE GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND.

GOOD NEWS, GROUND CONTROL. EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT.

NOW, AS IT'LL TAKE THIS MESSAGE **FOUR** MINUTES TO REACH YOU, AND **ANOTHER** FOUR MINUTES FOR YOUR REPLY TO REACH **ME**, THAT GIVES ME ABOUT EIGHT MINUTES TO **DESTROY THIS PIECE OF JUNK.**

37 SEC

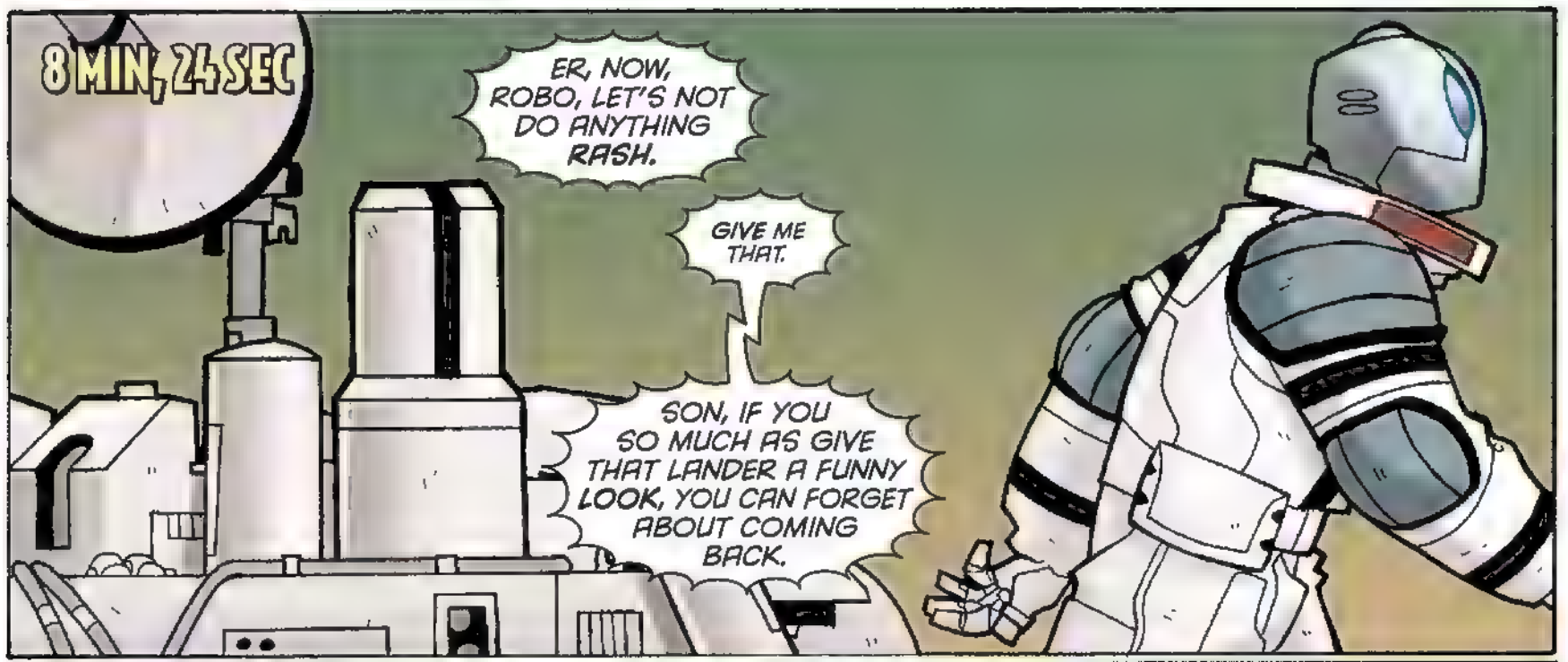
♪ HE GOT FIGHTIN' MAD, THIS ROBO LAD... ♪

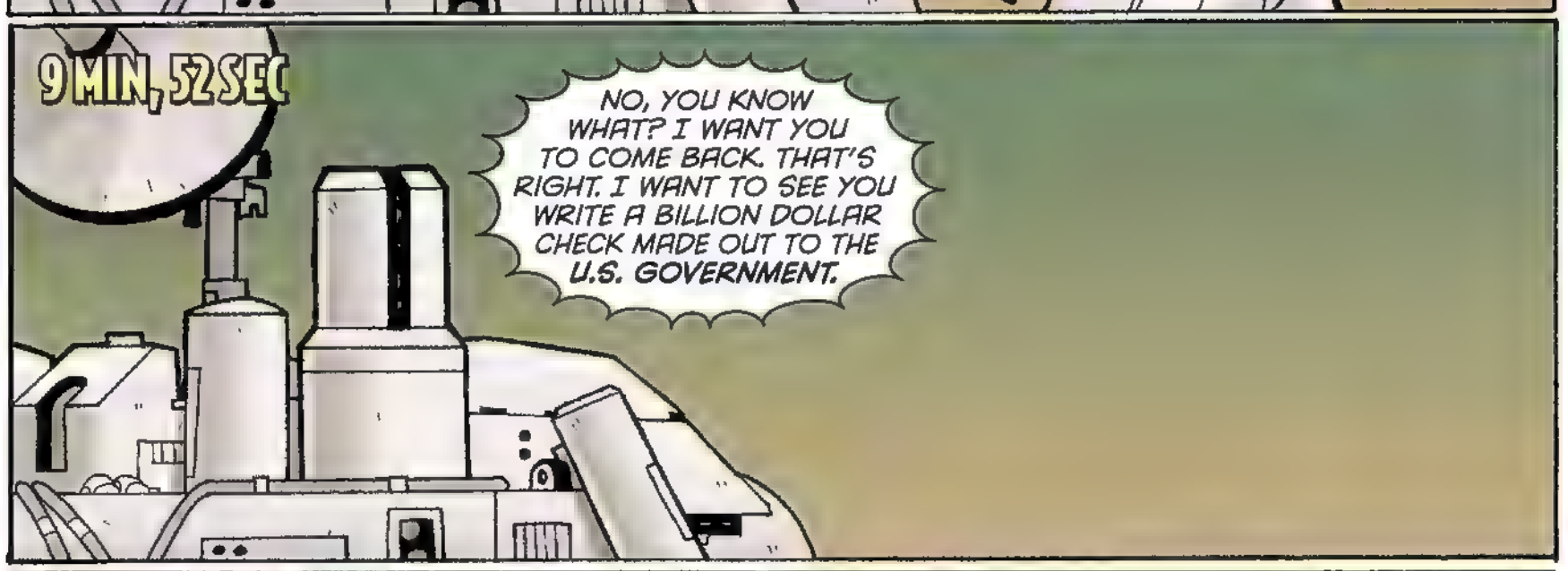
48 SEC

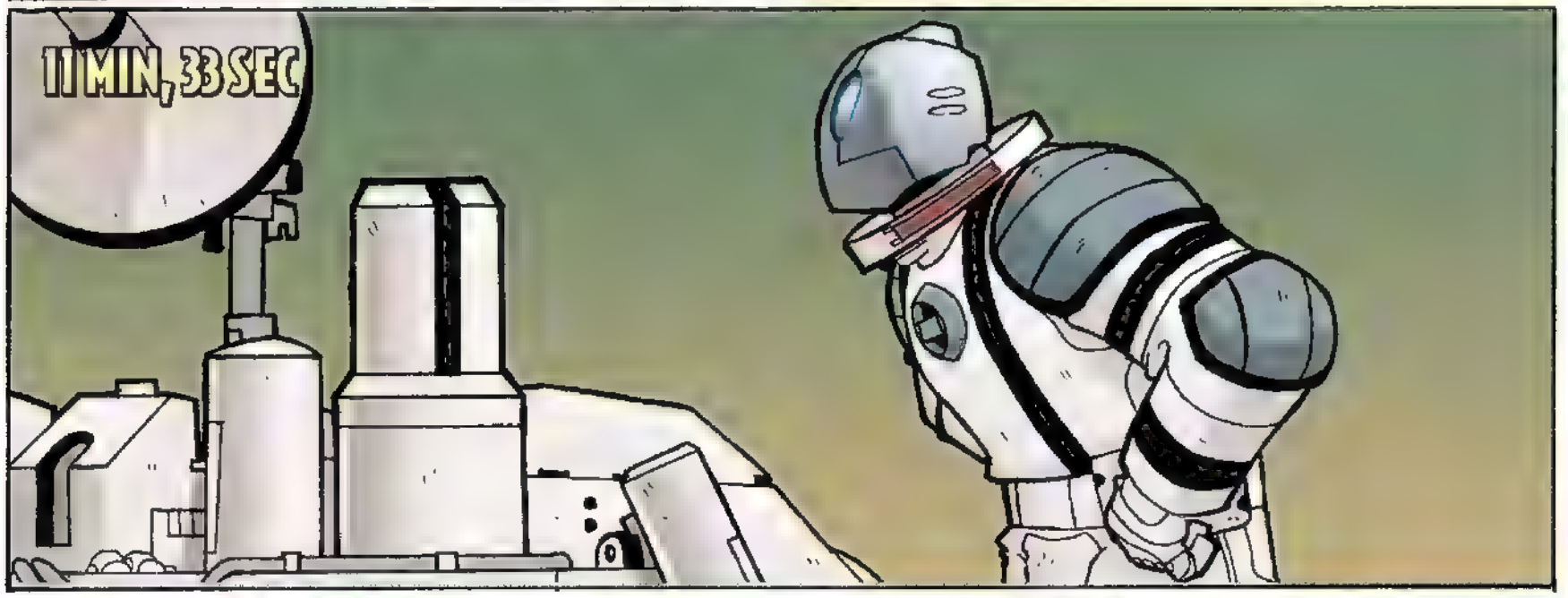
♪ NASA PACKED NO BOOKS AS HE FLEW TO MARS WHERE THE ONLY LAW WAS THAT HE COULD **BREAK ALL THEIR STUFF!** ♪

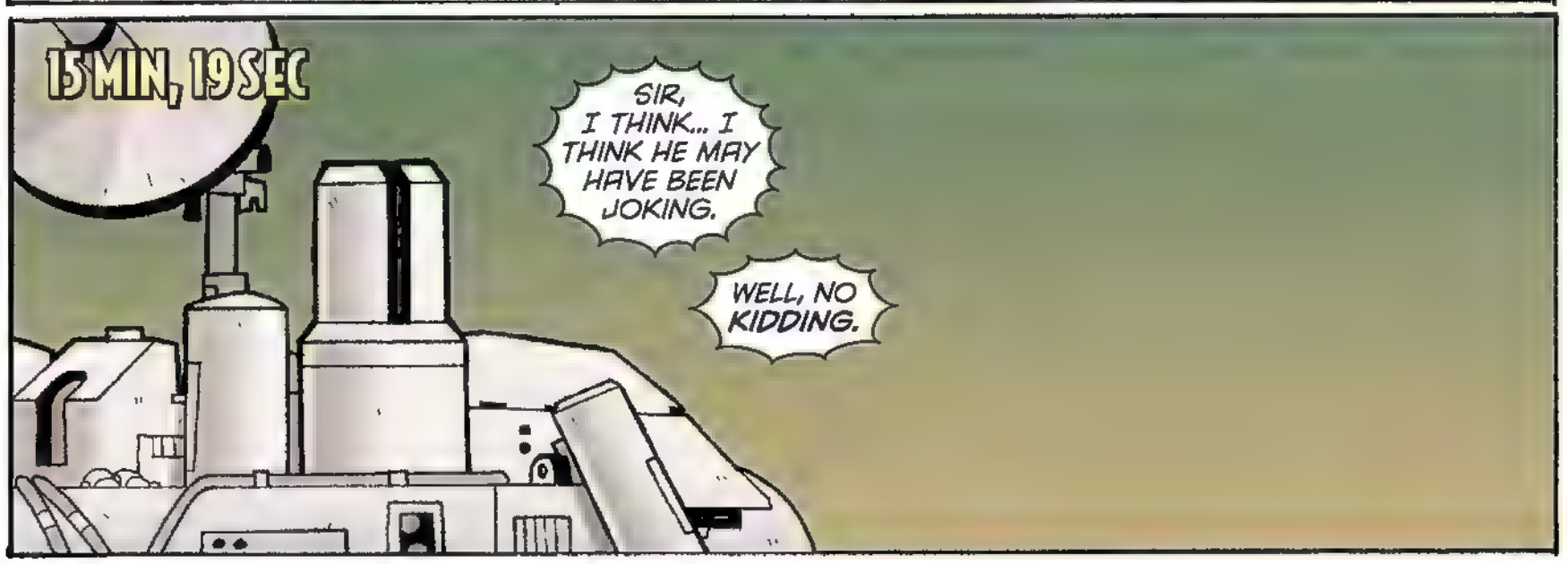
8 MIN, 3 SEC

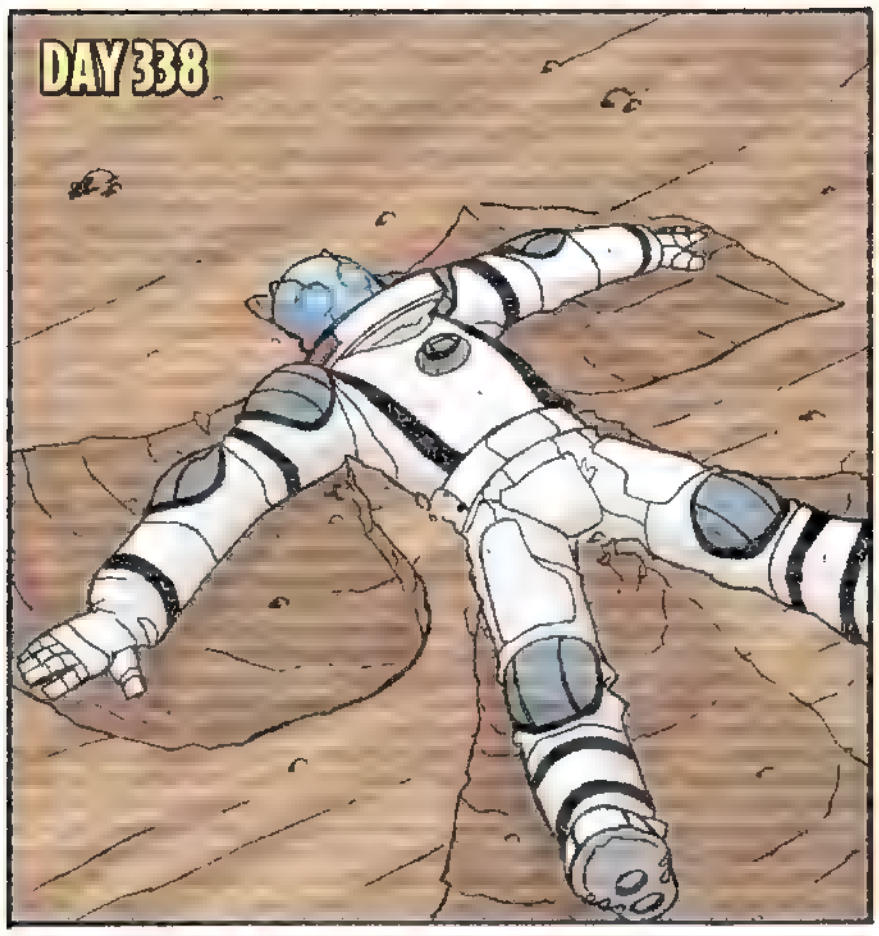
WELL. FINDING THAT ROCK OUGHT TO KEEP ME SANE FOR A **FEW** MORE HOURS.

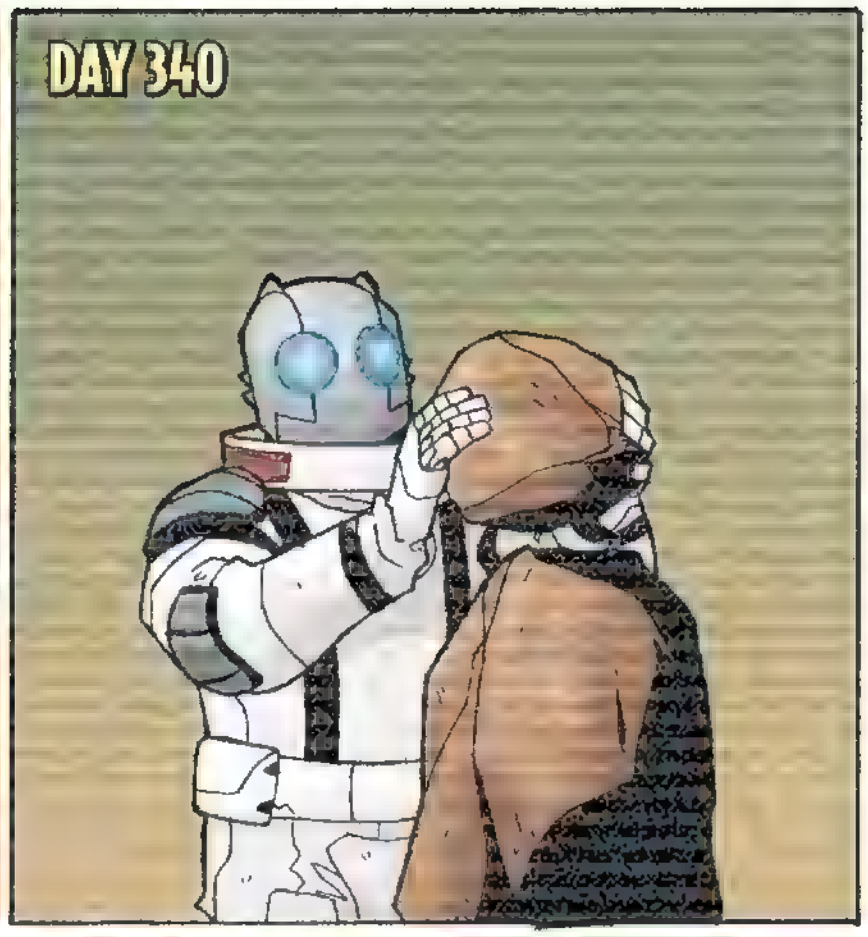

8 MIN, 24 SEC
ER, NOW, ROBO, LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING RASH.
GIVE ME THAT.
SON, IF YOU SO MUCH AS GIVE THAT LANDER A FUNNY LOOK, YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT COMING BACK.

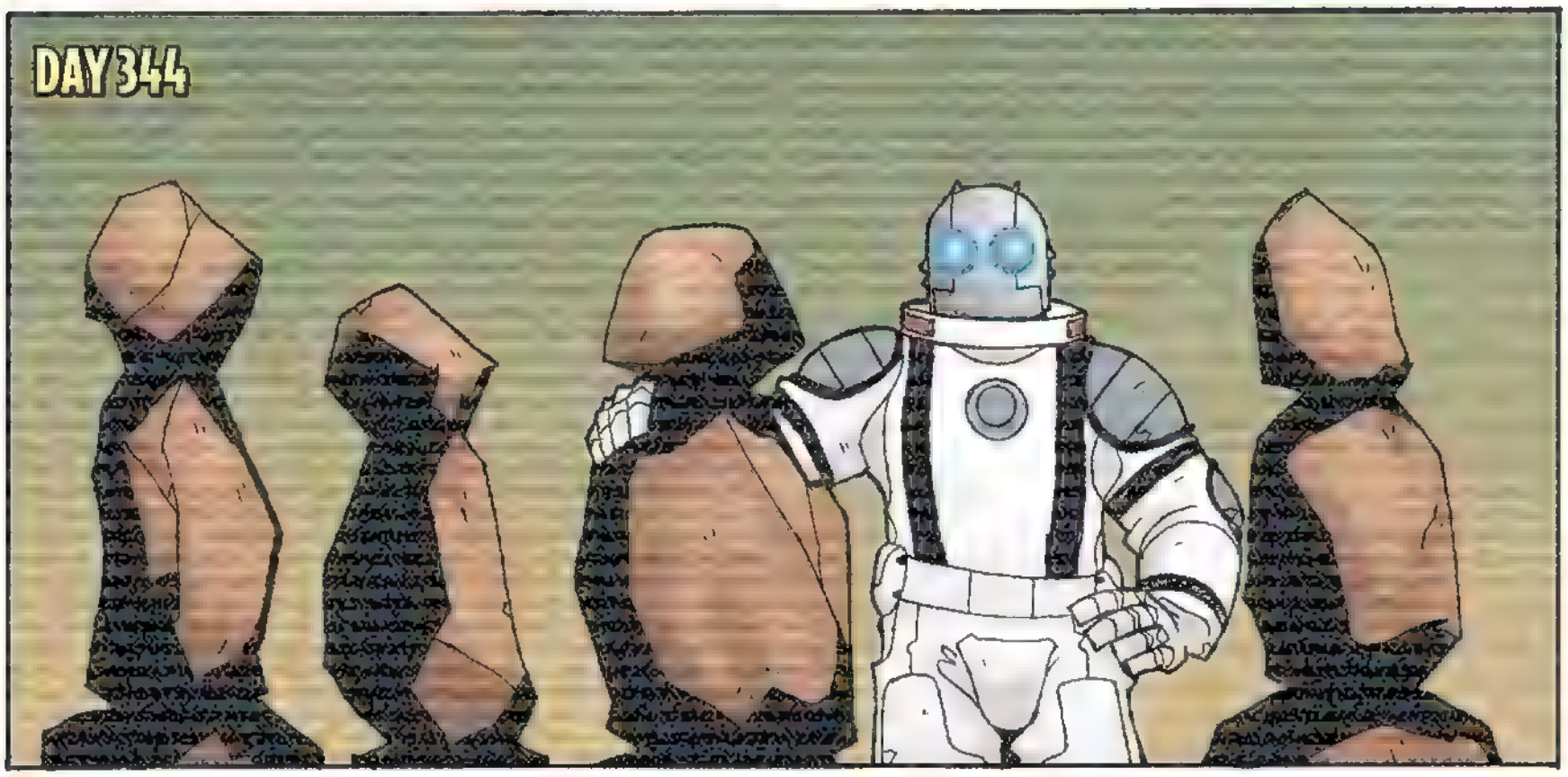

9 MIN, 52 SEC
NO, YOU KNOW WHAT? I WANT YOU TO COME BACK. THAT'S RIGHT. I WANT TO SEE YOU WRITE A BILLION DOLLAR CHECK MADE OUT TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

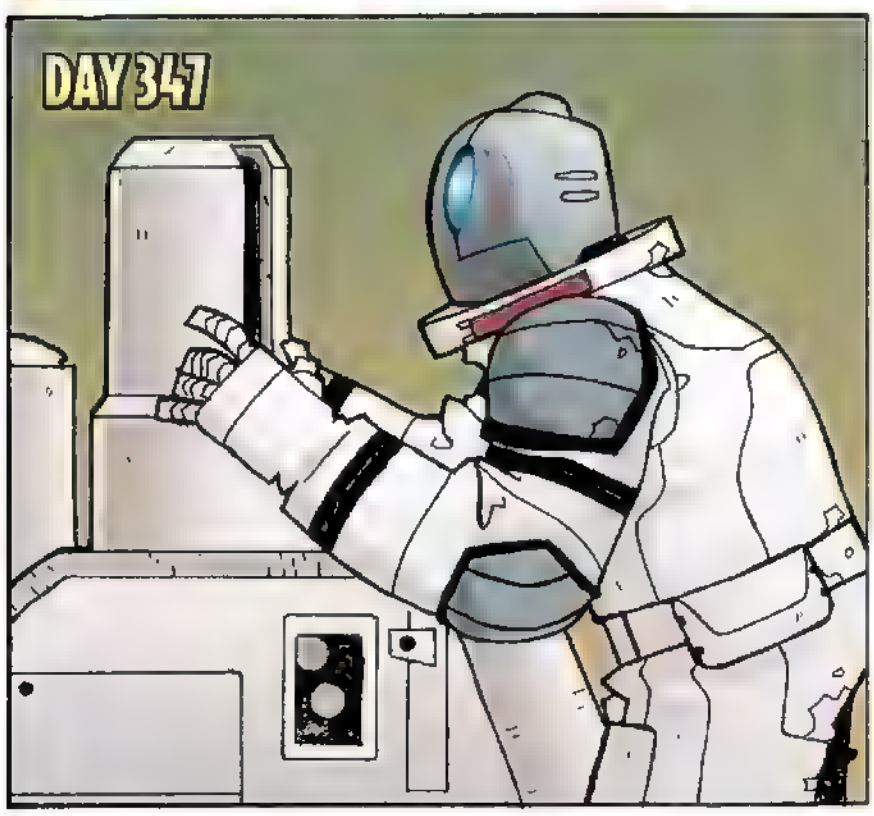

11 MIN, 33 SEC

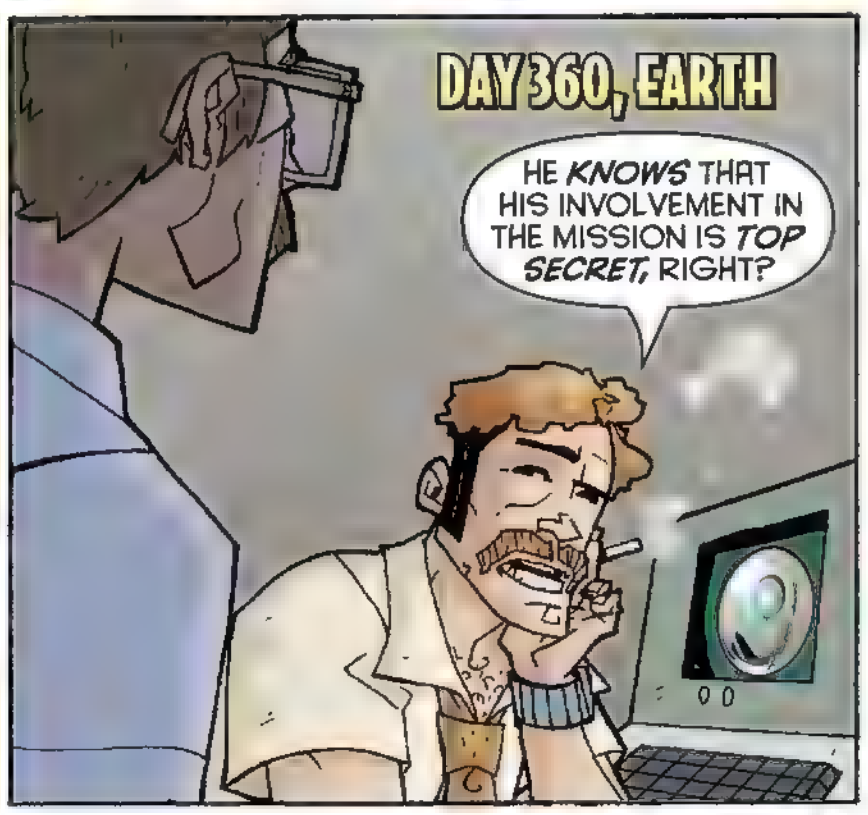

15 MIN, 19 SEC
SIR, I THINK... I THINK HE MAY HAVE BEEN JOKING.
WELL, NO KIDDING.


DAY 338


DAY 340


DAY 344


DAY 347


DAY 360, EARTH
HE KNOWS THAT HIS INVOLVEMENT IN THE MISSION IS TOP SECRET, RIGHT?

DAY 370

TIN MAN, THIS IS EMERALD CITY. WE CONFIRM YOUR CALCULATIONS FOR THE SABATIER REACTION.

ARES IS REFUELED AND READY FOR LAUNCH, **RIGHT** ON SCHEDULE.

AND WE'LL HAVE A SELECTION OF RADIO PROGRAMS FOR THE RETURN TRIP. I BELIEVE DR. SAGAN WAS ABLE TO GET MOST OF THE ARCHIVES FOR THAT DIRK DARING RADIO DRAMA YOU REQUESTED.

THANK GOD FOR SMALL FAVORS.

GOOD TO HEAR, EMERALD CITY. I'VE GOT SOME GEOLOGICAL **EXPERIMENTS** TO WRAP UP ON MY END, AND THEN I'LL GO OVER THE PRE-FLIGHT FOR TOMORROW'S LAUNCH.

EVER SINCE HE STARTED STUDYING THOSE MARTIAN ROCKS HE'S BEEN **SO** MUCH MORE COOPERATIVE.

HEY, IDLE HANDS, Y'KNOW.

DAY 371

"WHEN LAST WE LEFT DIRK DARING, **THE DARING DIRK OF DERRING-DO**, HE AND THE LOVELY PENELOPE HAD BEEN **CAPTURED** BY THE DASTARDLY AIR PIRATE, **CAPTAIN NEFARIO.**"

"OH, DIRK, HOWEVER WILL WE ESCAPE?"

STEPHEN HAWKING IS A BASTARD

"**HUSH** NOW, PENELOPE, YOUR PRATTLE WON'T FREE US ANY SOONER."

OH, **DIRK!**

STEPHEN HAWKING IS A BASTARD

EGYPT

DUDE, YOU *KILLED* ROBO.

IT WAS *ADA'S* IDEA TO--

DON'T YOU DRAG ME INTO THIS. ALL I *SAID* WAS--

WAH!

ROBO!

I *TOLD* YOU IT'D WORK.

REALLY? 'CAUSE IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU SAID, "*CONNECT IT TO THE BLUE THINGIE.*"

BONES... I'M MADE OF *BONES!*

OH, RIGHT. SORRY.

BOOM

BOOM

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US!

JENKINS, KICK IT INTO HIGH GEAR, WE'RE MAKING A RUN FOR THE BORDER!

ROBO, THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY PRODUCES SOME OF THE MOST SKILLED SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD...

...IF THEY WANTED TO KILL US, WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION.

WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO THE EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT WITH THAT FANCY HEAD-RADIO OF YOURS?

I EXPLODED EARLIER, DON'T SASS.

MR. PRESIDENT, I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOUR ARMY IS SHOOTING AT US.

NO, MR. ROBO, THEY ARE SHOOTING NEAR YOU. IF THEY WERE SHOOTING AT YOU--

--WE WOULD NOT BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION, OF COURSE.

IN LIGHT OF **DESTROYING** YOUR MONUMENT, TESLADYNE IS WILLING TO **FOREGO** THE FEES ASSOCIATED WITH OUR SERVICES.

NO, MR. ROBO, I'M AFRAID THAT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH.

WE'LL THROW IN THE **NEXT** ONE FREE OF CHARGE TOO.

NEXT ONE?

TELL HIM THERE'S MORE.

GO WITH THAT.

UH.

THERE'S NO TELLING **HOW** MANY OF THESE KILLER PYRAMIDS COULD BE **LURKING** JUST BELOW THE SURFACE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT THIS HAS BEEN THE ***FIRST*** AND ***ONLY*** INCIDENT OF A PYRAMID RAMPAGE IN THE LAST ***FIVE THOUSAND YEARS.***

WE CANNOT ACCEPT THIS OFFER. WHAT YOU HAVE TAKEN FROM US IS VALUABLE BEYOND COMPREHENSION. YOUR ACTIONS ***MUST*** BE PUNISHED.

RUMBLE

GROOOOSH

AIIEEE!

AUGH!

BRIAN CLEVINGER
WORDS

SCOTT WEGENER
ART/COVER

ATOMIC ROBO OF MARS

RONDA PATTISON
COLORS

JEFF POWELL
LETTERS

LAWRENCE BASSO
COVER COLORS - ISSUES 1 & 2

Fightin' Scientists of Tesladyne
Chapter 5
Unearthed, Part 1

APENNINE MOUNTAINS, ITALY, 2005
THE HELSING.U.A.R.D. SYSTEM PICKED UP A COMPLEX-TYPE ANOMALY YESTERDAY.
WE'RE STANDING ON TOP OF IT.
AS FAR AS ANYONE CAN TELL US, THIS VILLAGE HAS NO NAME AND EXISTS ON NO MAPS.
SO ALL THIS IS, WHAT, JUST COVER?
BINGO.

DO WE KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE?

HARD TO SAY. I'VE EXPLORED ALL FOUR BASES DISCOVERED THUS FAR, AND THEY'RE NEVER THE SAME. ANYTHING COULD BE DOWN THERE.

THAT'S WHY BOTH TEAMS WILL BREACH.

I'LL TAKE POINT FOR ALPHA. JENKINS WILL HAVE BETA.

FSSSSSSSSSH

KLONG

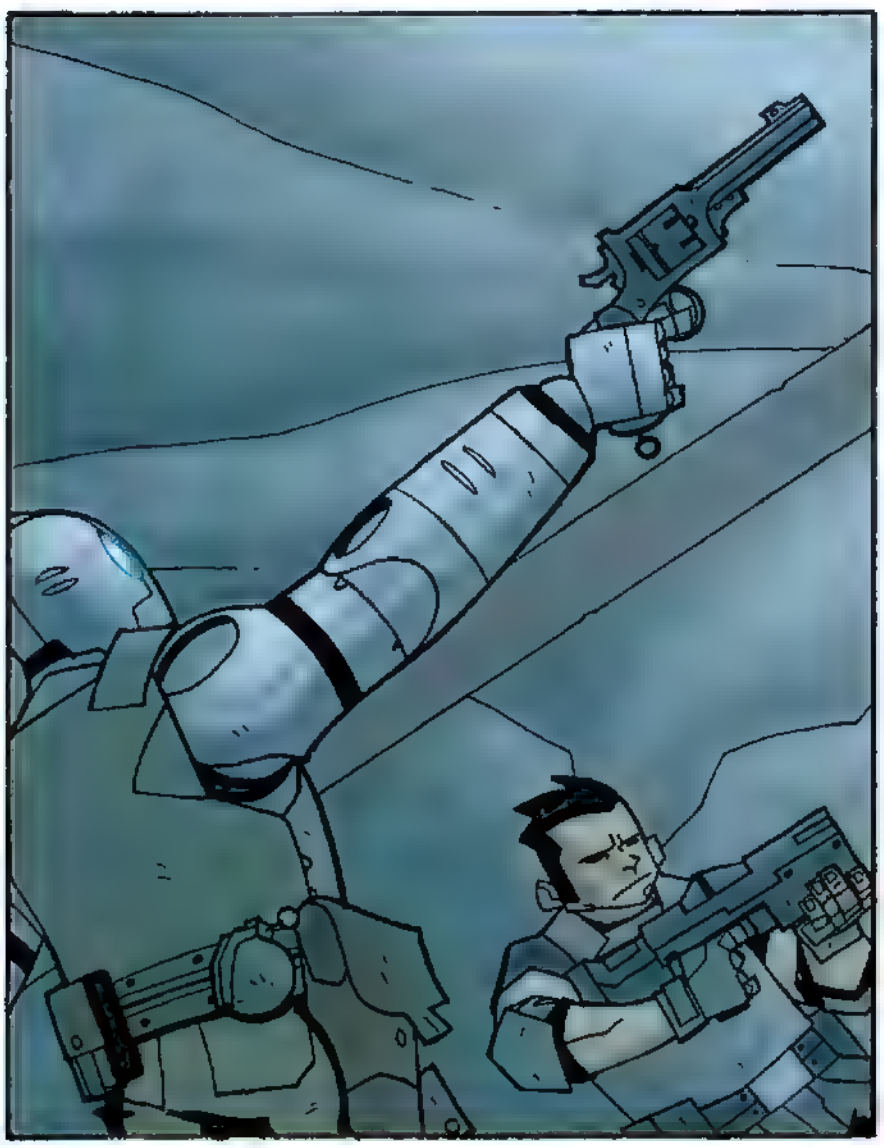
WELL, WE'RE IN.

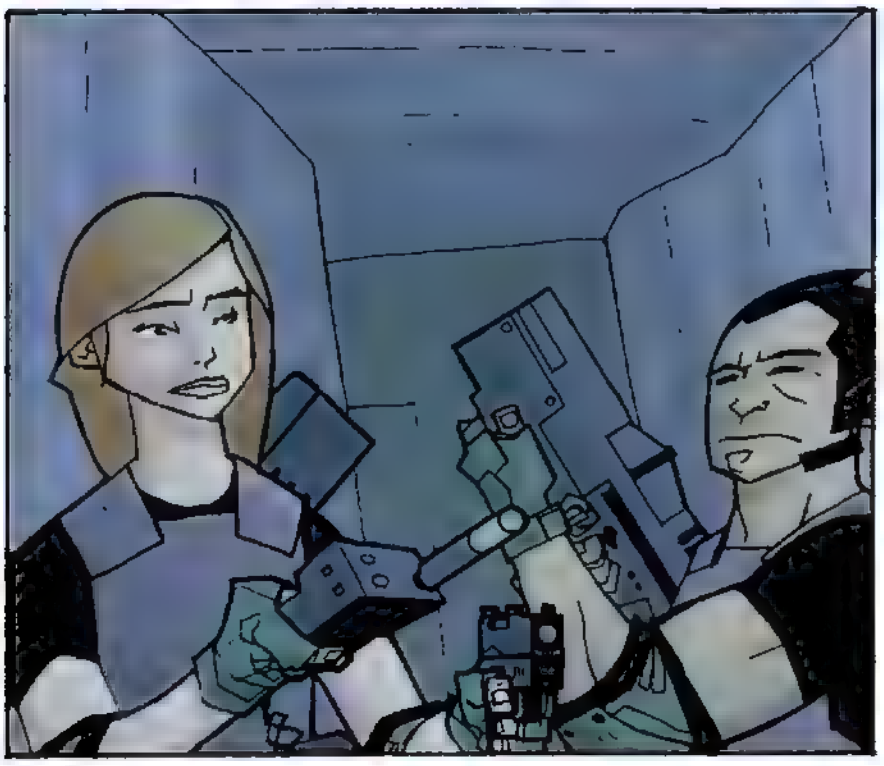
HOW DO THESE THINGS USUALLY GO? PRETTY BORING?

FRANCE, 1985

This is the END of Atomic Robo and his famed Action Science League!

JUST REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING.





ROBO,
YOU NEED TO
SEE THIS.

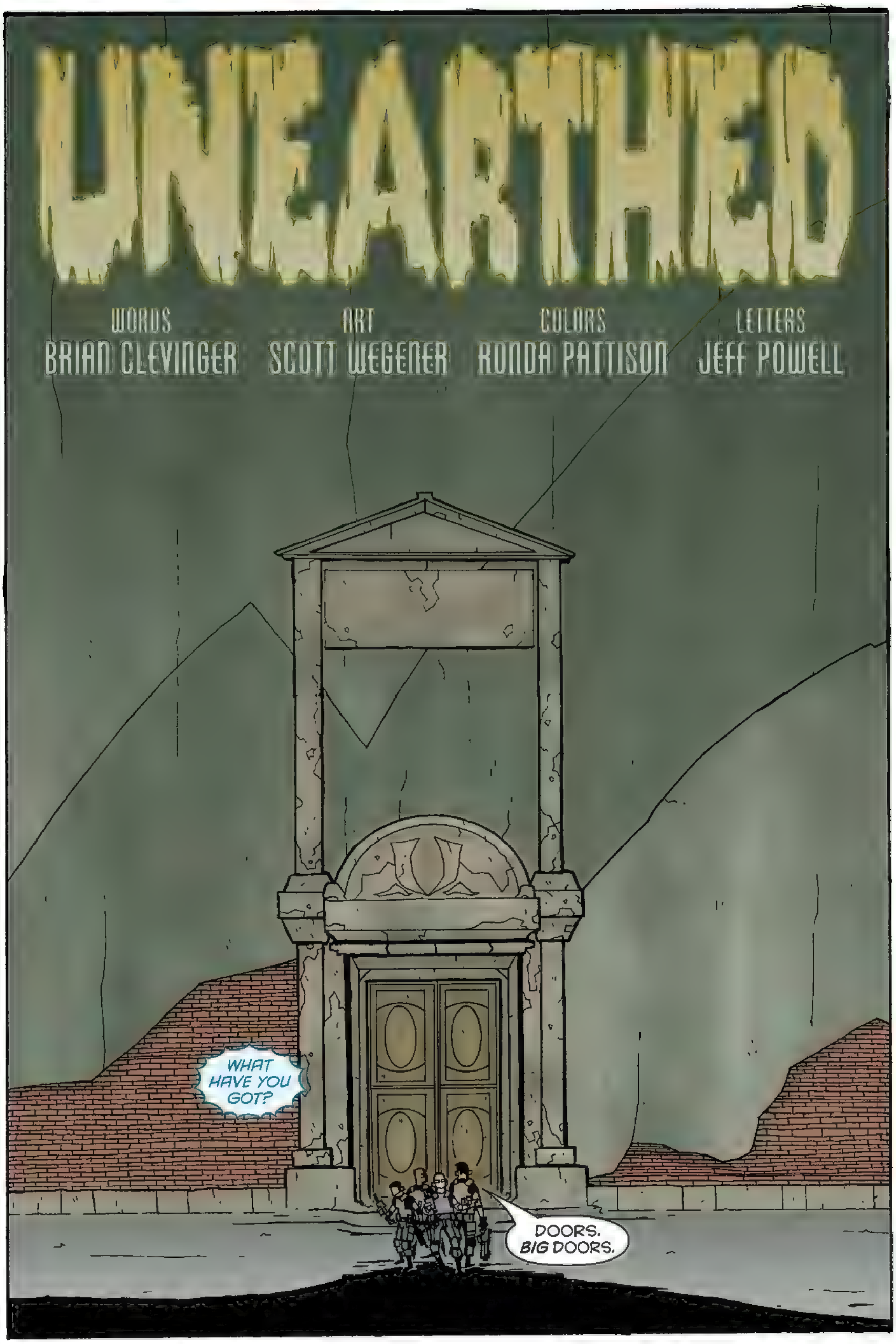
UNEARTHED

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL



VERY LOCKED TOO.

STAY PUT. WE'LL HEAD YOUR WAY SOON AS WE FINISH HERE.

ANOTHER LEVEL? WE SWEPT THREE ALREADY.

FRANKLY, I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF ALL THIS *NOTHING* WE'VE FOUND SO FAR.

C'MON, KIDS. WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.

STAND BACK. I'M TEARING THIS THING OFF ITS HINGES.

SHRRRIP

NICE ONE, ROBO.

STUPID ROTTEN WOOD.

WHAT THE F--

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING AT?

SOME KIND OF GARAGE?

YEAH.

THIS HAS HELSINGARD WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

CHECK THIS OUT, "1888."

AS IN THE *YEAR?*

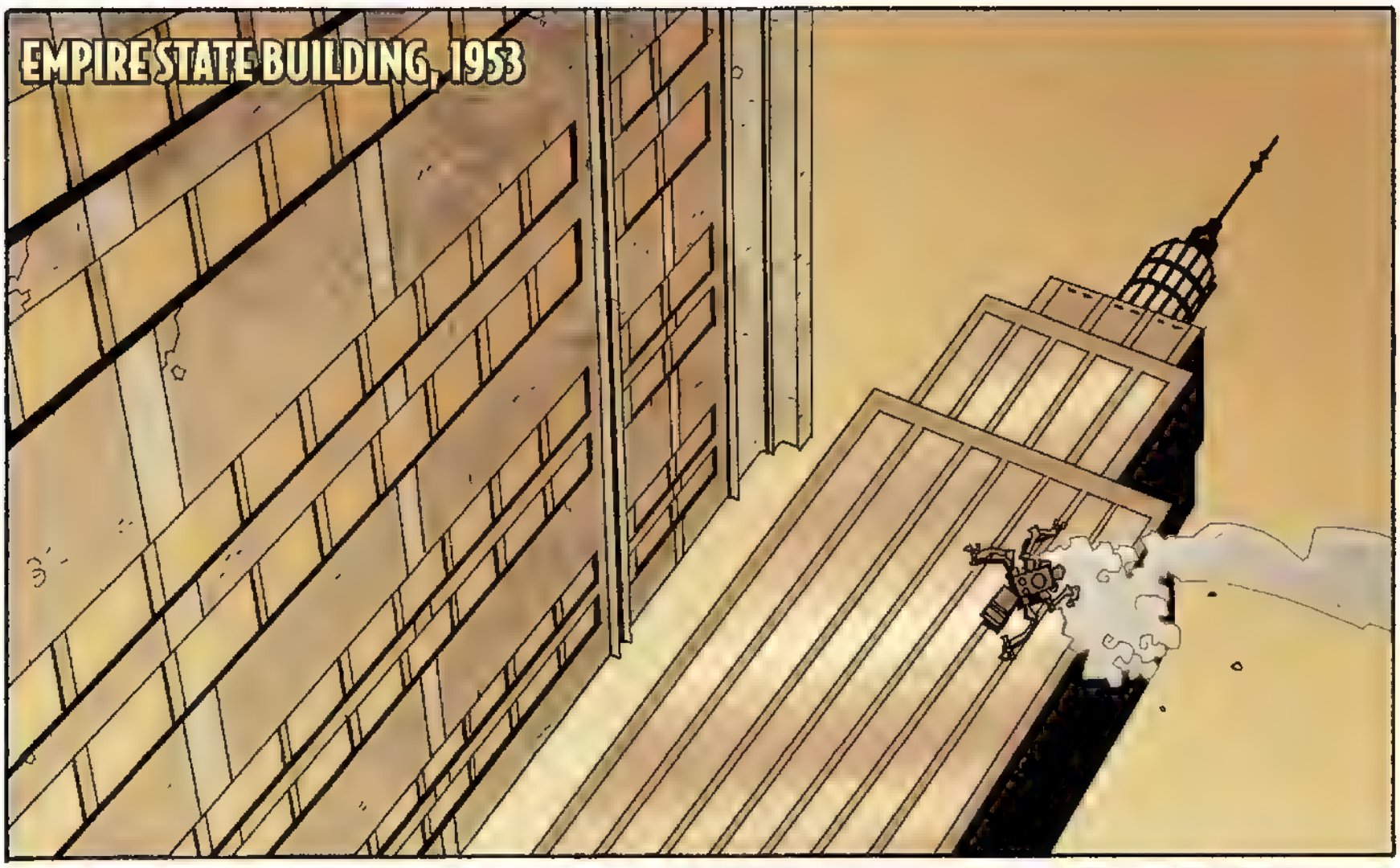
CAN'T BE. TANKS WEREN'T *INVENTED* UNTIL THE 1900S.

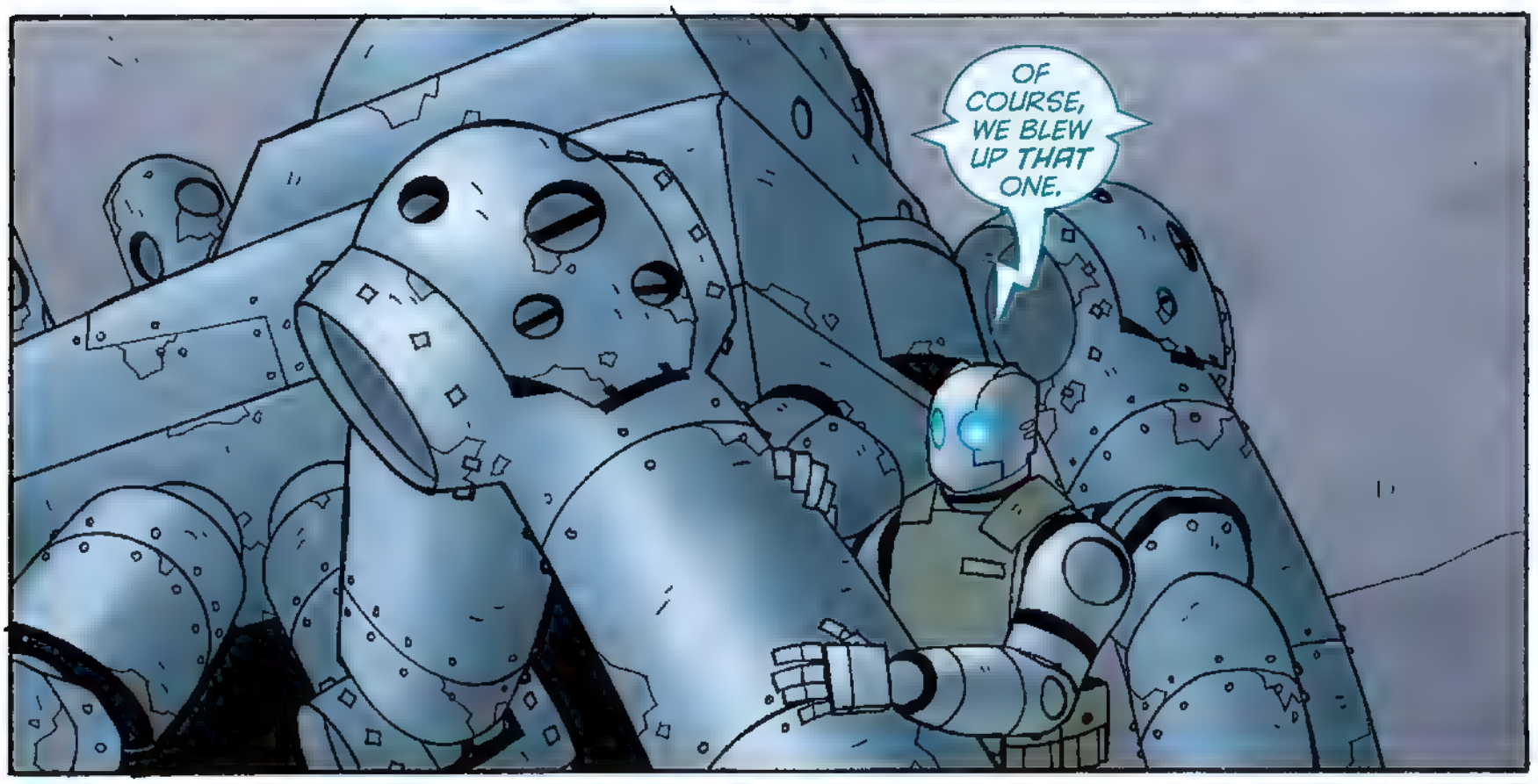
1914, BUT REMEMBER THAT HELSINGARD WAS AN UNPARALLELED GENIUS...

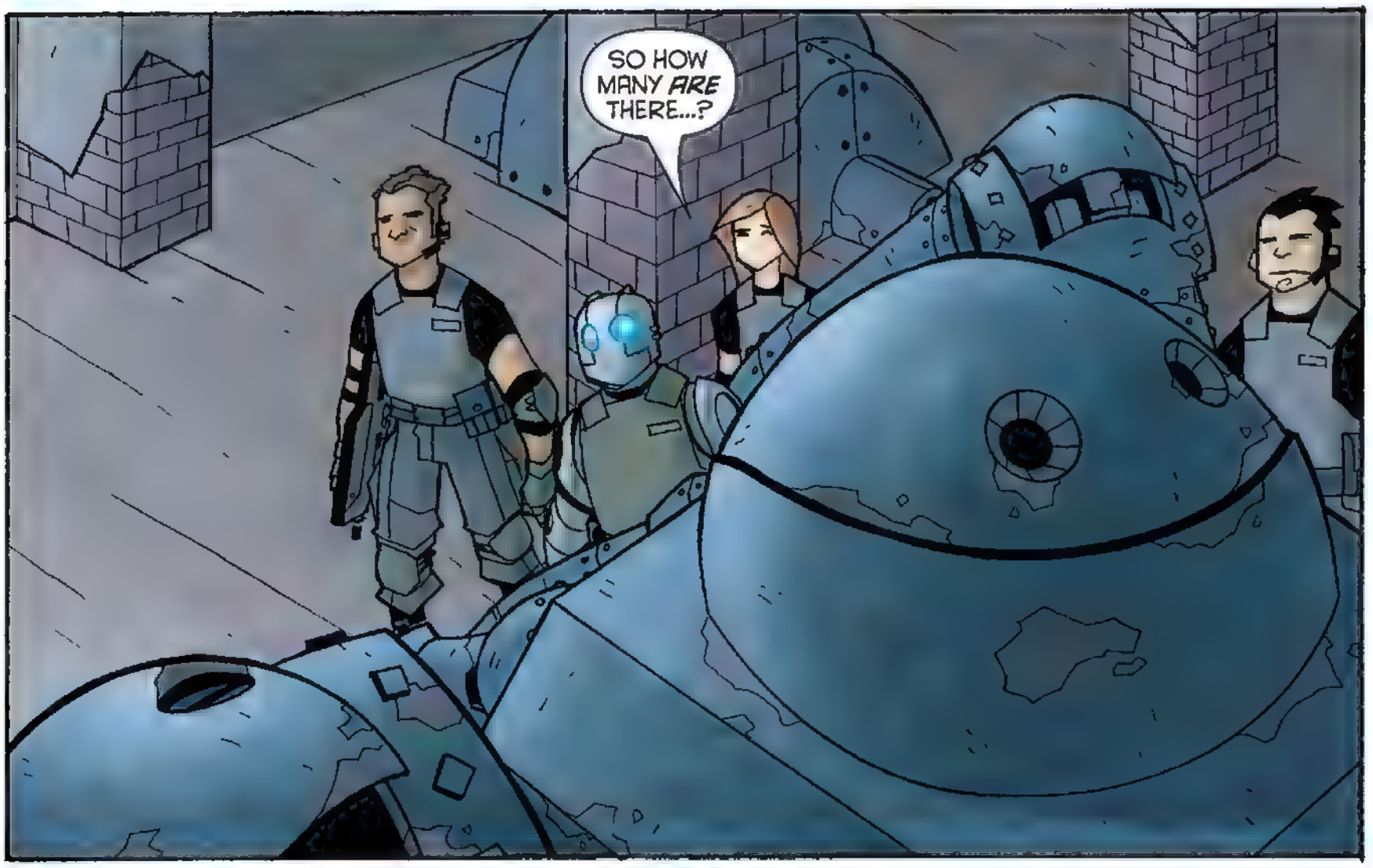
...BUILDING TANKS THIRTY YEARS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE WOULD BE NOTHING TO HIM.

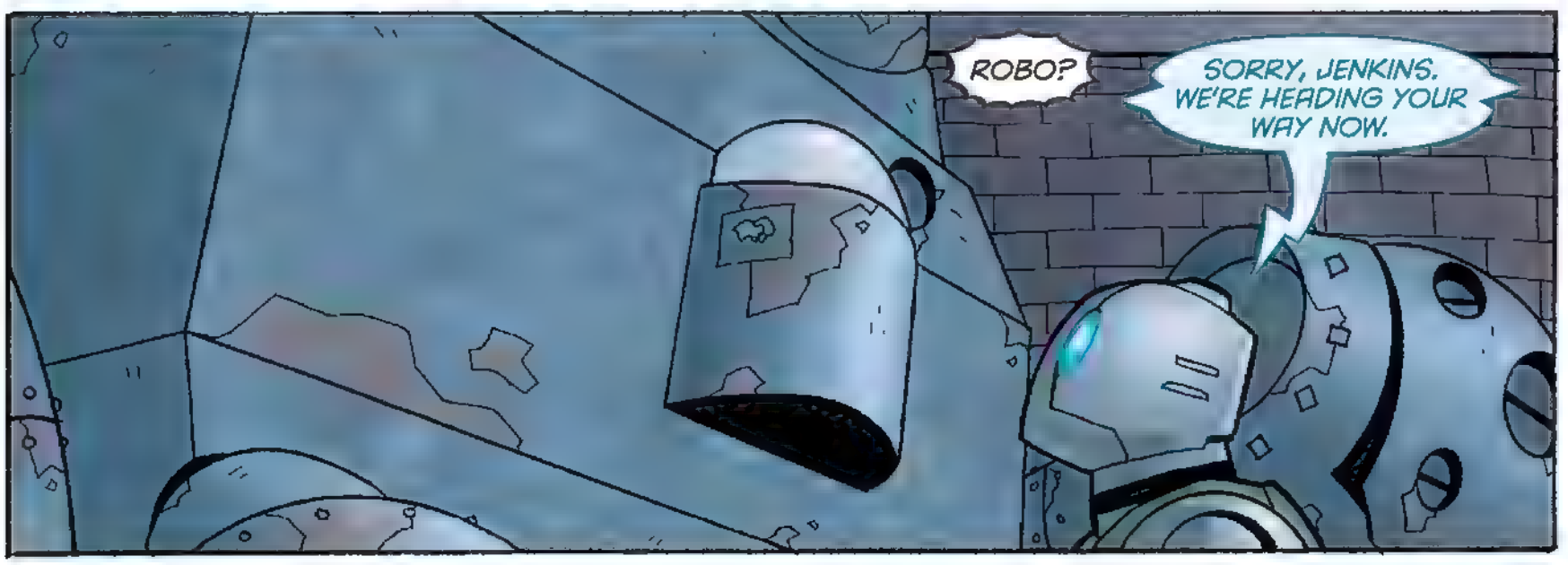
I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE...

FWOMP


EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, 1953
BEHOLD, the demise of Atomic Robo!
TESLADYNE


OF COURSE, WE BLEW UP THAT ONE.


SO HOW MANY *ARE* THERE...?


ROBO?
SORRY, JENKINS. WE'RE HEADING YOUR WAY NOW.

OKAY, SERIOUSLY? THOSE ARE *END BOSS* DOORS.

YEAH. JENKINS?

FIND ANYTHING?

I DON'T LIKE WHATEVER'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE DOORS.

NOTHING THAT MAKES SENSE.

ME NEITHER. TELL THE TROOPS TO SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

EVERYONE READY?

SHRRRRACK

WHY DIDN'T I LEARN THE FIRST TIME?

WHAT IN THE HOLY *HELL...*

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THESE MACHINES.

ON IT.

EVERYONE ELSE ON ME. I WANT THIS PLACE *LOCKED DOWN.*

BUZZ

ANYONE HEAR THAT?

BUZZ

BUZZ

WHERE IS THAT COMING...

BUZZ

BUZZ

...FROM?

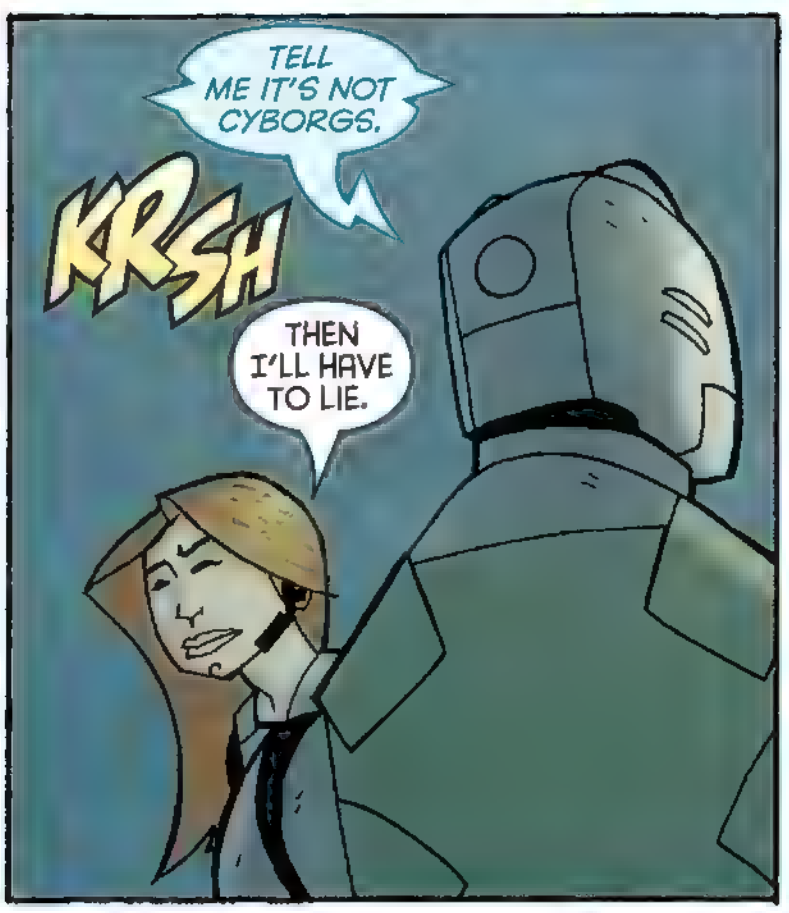
BUZZ

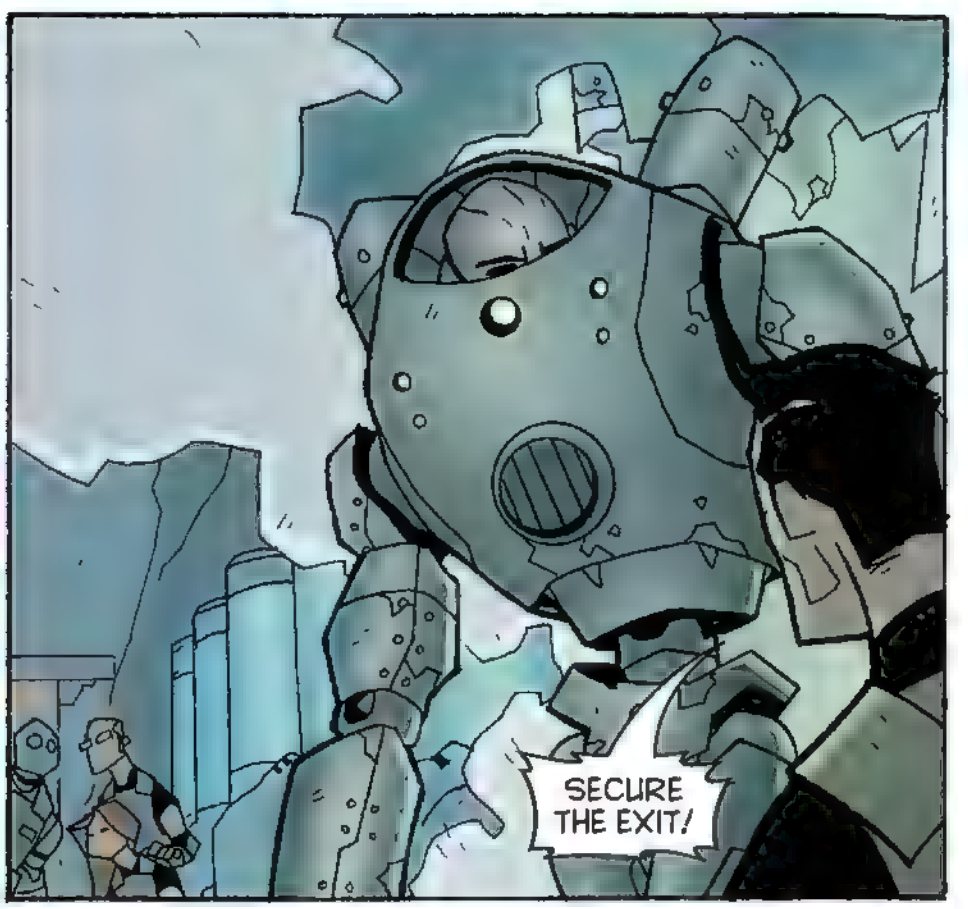
AUFWACH

BUZZ
ROBO, WE'VE GOT *MULTIPLE* LEVELS.
AUFWACHEN
BUZZ
"AUFWACHEN"? THAT SOME KIND OF CODE?
ROBO?
BUZZ
BUZZ
AUFWACHEN
IT MEANS "AWAKEN."
AUFWACHEN
BUZZ
WE'RE MOVING OUT. *NOW.*
HEY, THE BUZZING STOPPED.

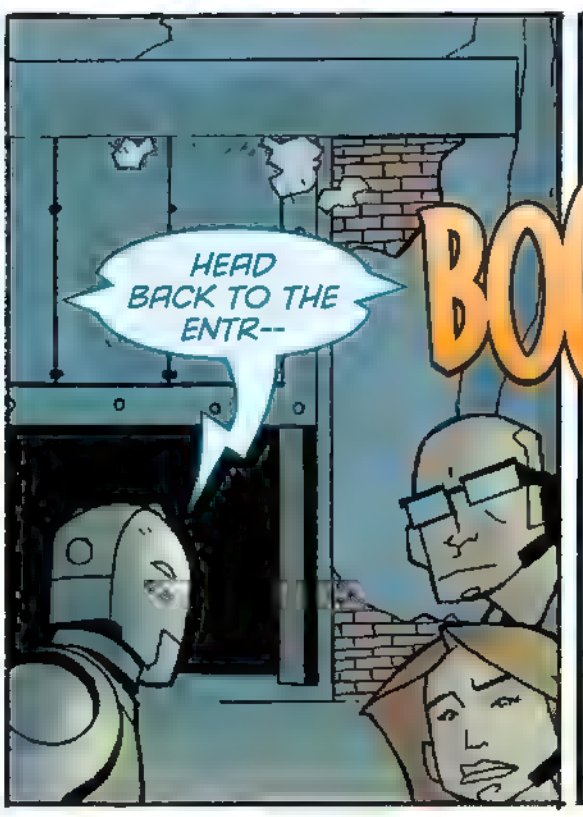
GRKT

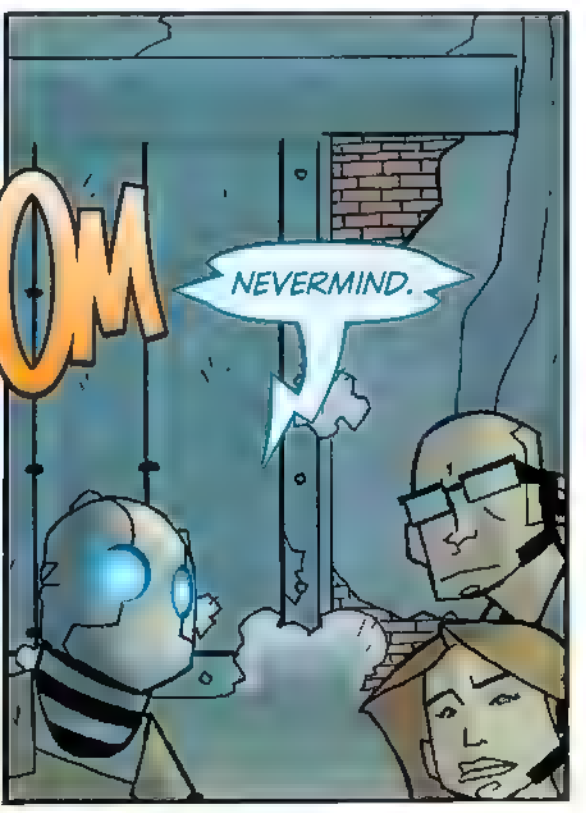
KRSH


TELL ME IT'S NOT CYBORGS.
KRSH
THEN I'LL HAVE TO LIE.


SECURE THE EXIT!

WE SHOULD DO THAT.


HEAD BACK TO THE ENTR--
BOOM


NEVERMIND.

THEY'RE HUMAN?

NOT ANY MORE.

AIM LOW.

KRSH

THOOMPT

POOM

THAT'S GREAT. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SURVIVE CLOSE RANGE EXPLOSIVES AND THE EVENTUAL LACK OF A *FLOOR.*

OH, MY MONEY'S ON US DYING *WAY* BEFORE THE FLOOR GIVES OUT.

ROBO, YOU'RE *BLOCKING* OUR SHOT!

ITS KNEES! TAKE OUT ITS KNEES!

BLAM

SPANG

WITH A BIGGER GUN!

BERNIE, HELP ME GET THE LIGHTNING GUN OUT.

-Mrph-

CRAP.

THE STAIRS WERE A *BAD* IDEA.

KZZRAK

BRAKKATAKKA

BANG

BLAM

NO, THEY'RE OUR BOTTLENECK.

BLAM

KLANG

PLING

KABOOM

KLONG

WELL, I'VE ACTED ON WORSE IDEAS.

KZZT

KZZT

AUFWH

KZZZZAK

ADA, DO *NOT* USE THAT LIGHTNING GUN ON MY DUDE!

GOT ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS?

I'LL DISTRACT IT, YOU FRY IT.

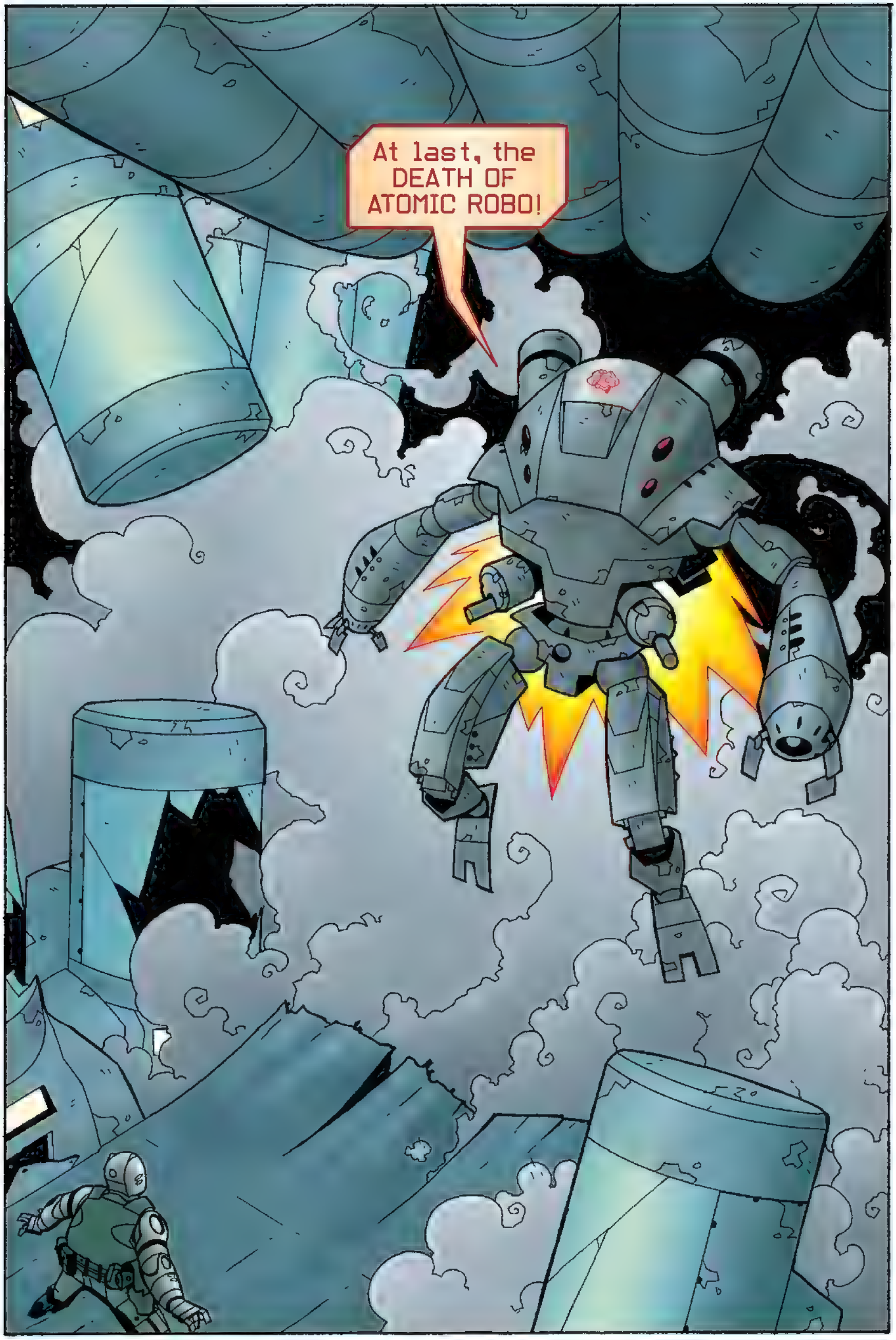
THAT'S COOL, I'LL JUST SOLO THIS ONE THEN.

KaTHOOM!

CRASH

KROOM

!


At last, the DEATH OF ATOMIC ROBO!

Fightin' Scientists of Tesladyne
Chapter 6
Unearthed, Part 2

You knew it would come to this in the end.

I HAD MY SUSPICIONS.

UNEARTHED

Yet you sought me out once more. You must be INCREDIBLY stupid.

STILL SMART ENOUGH TO STOP YOU FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL

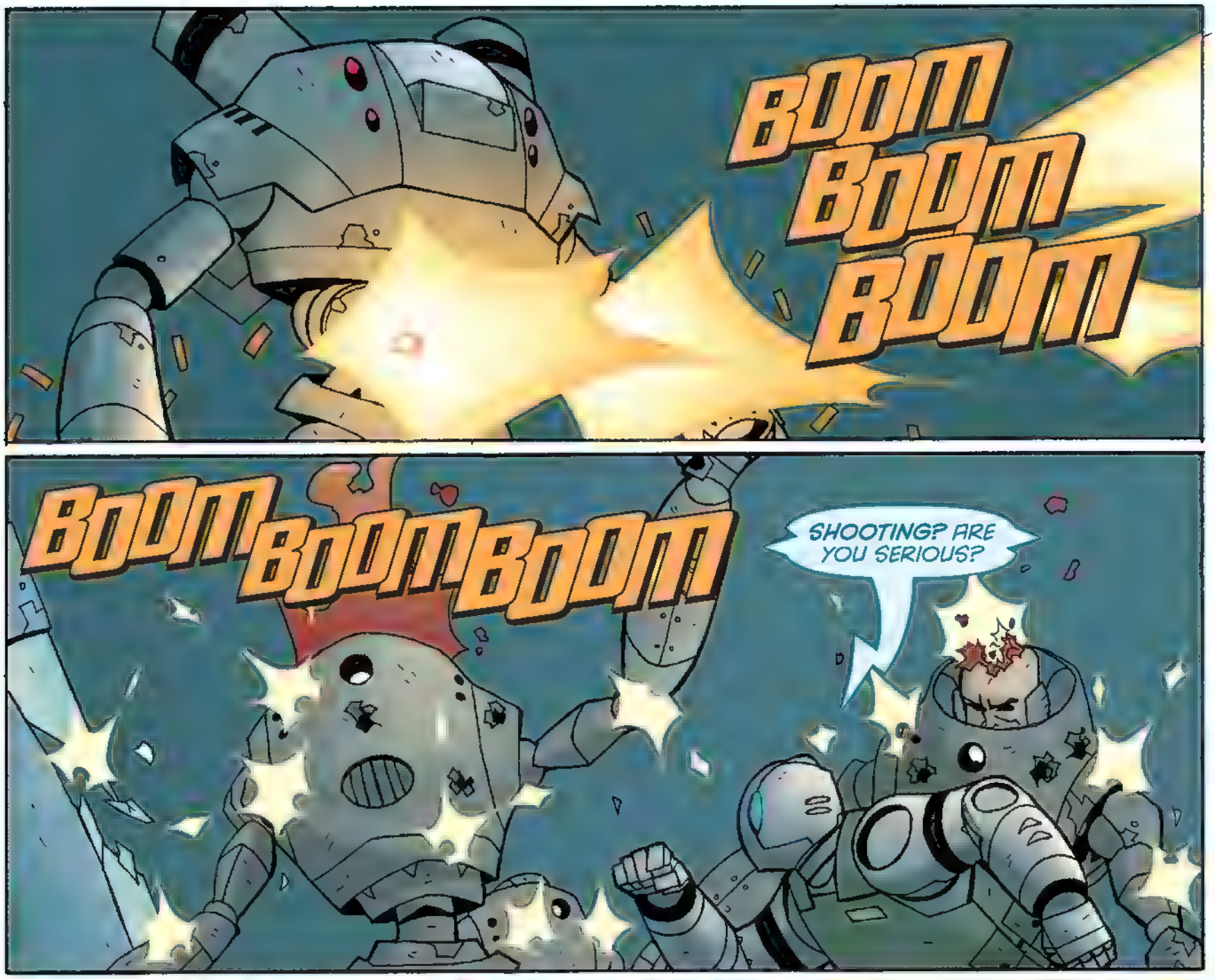
BUT I SEE YOU'VE KEPT BUSY.

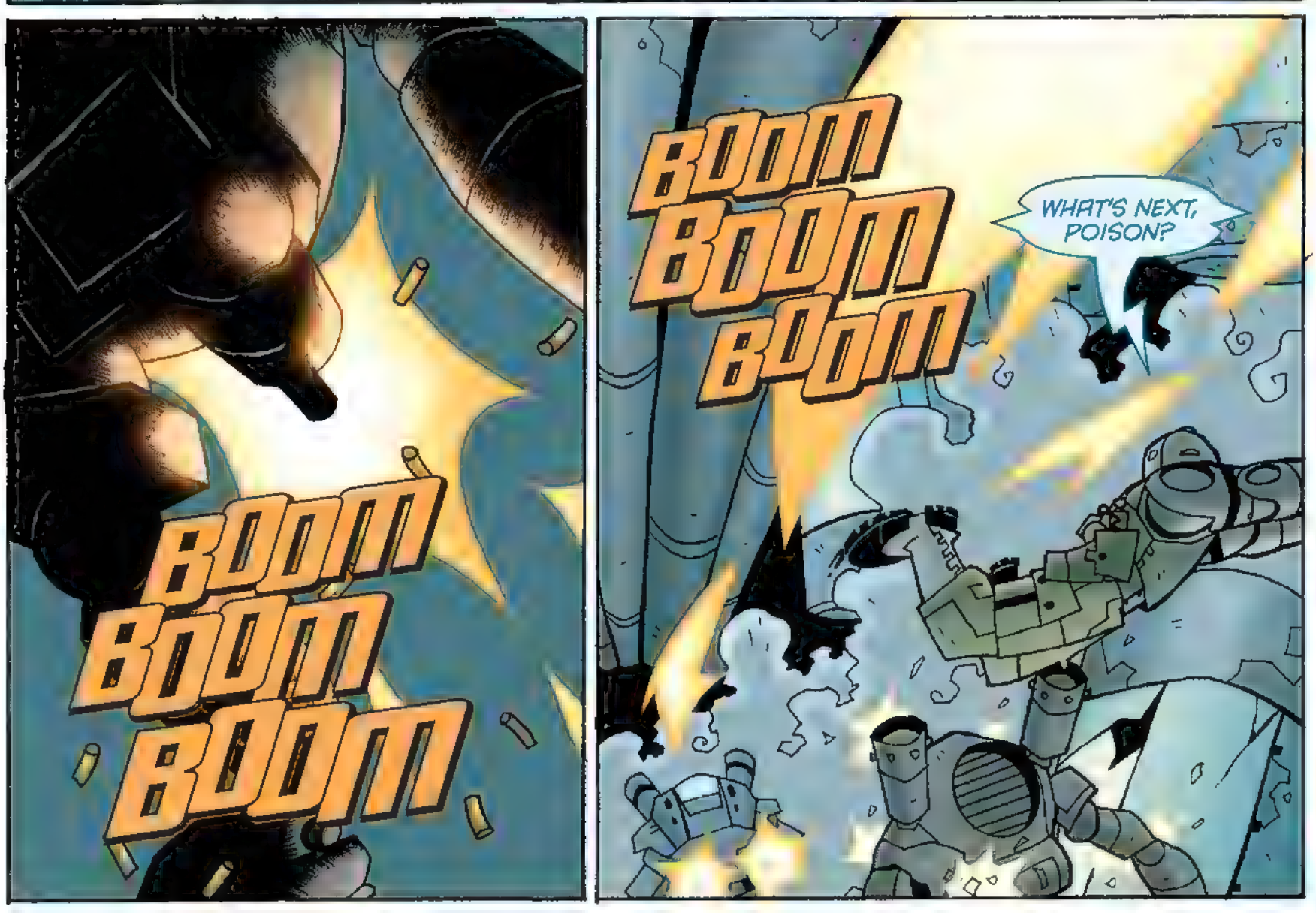
KRONG

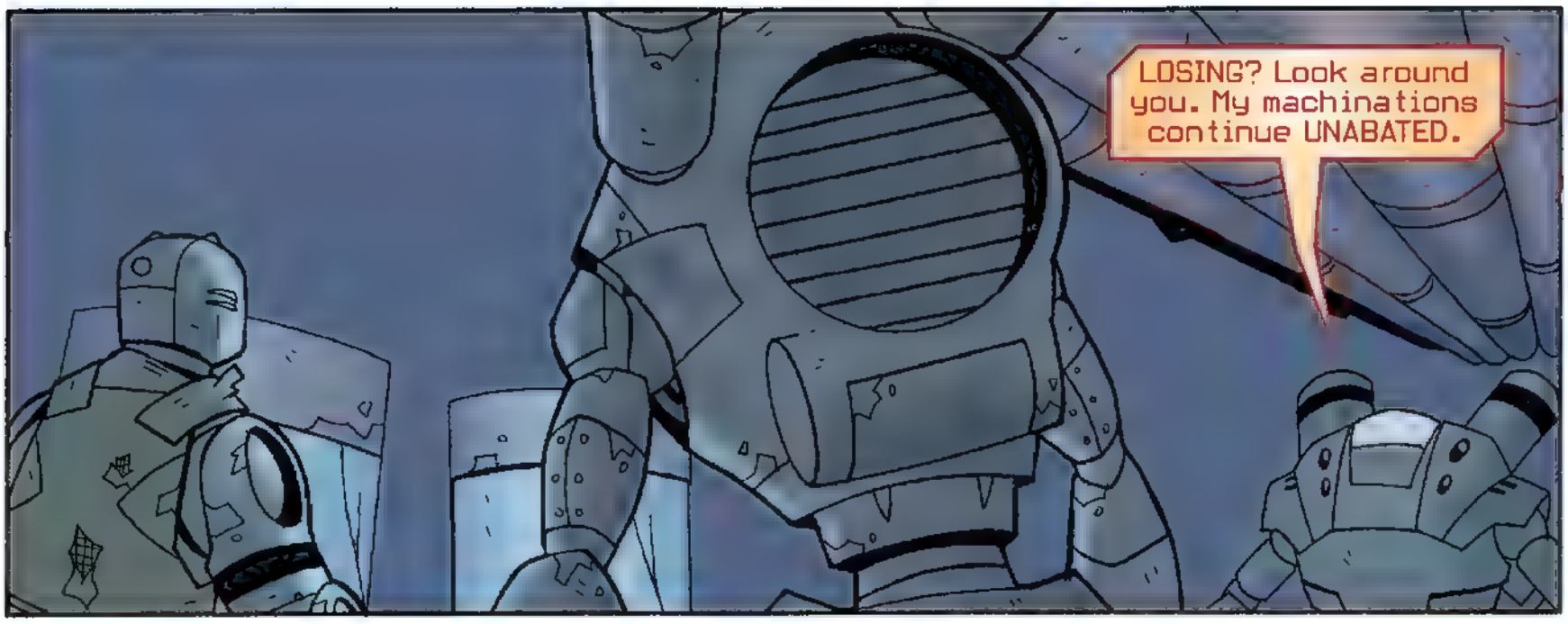
Yes. You stopped NOTHING.

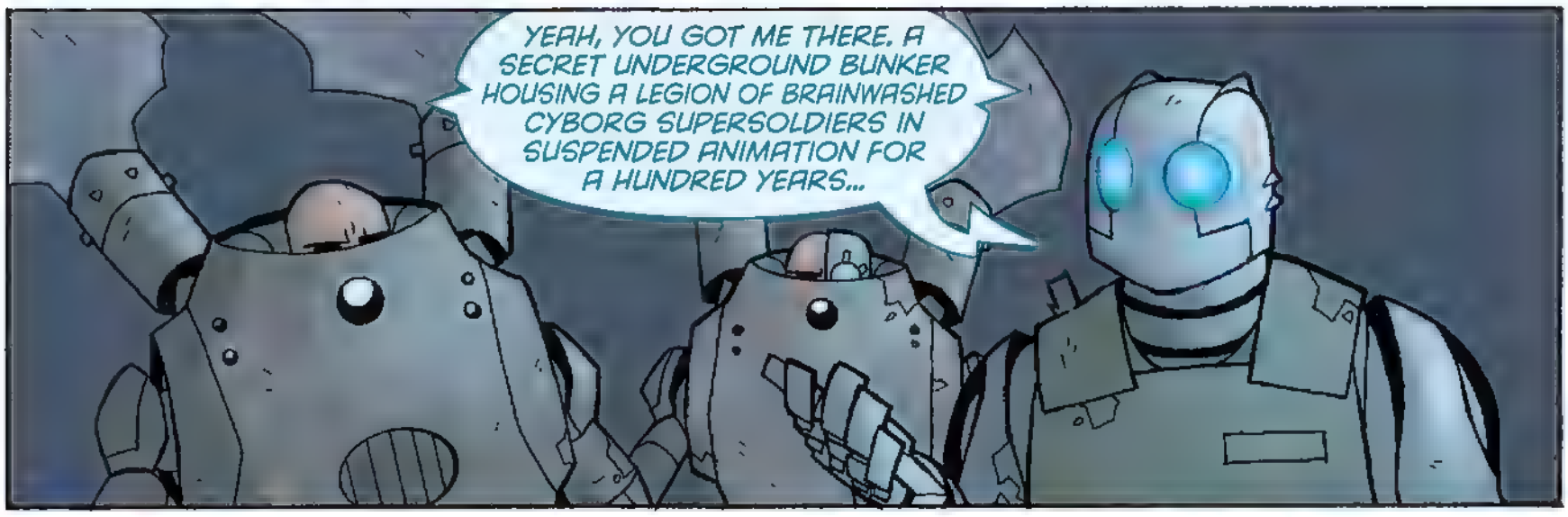
YEAH...

...PUNCHING ME IS REALLY GOING TO HELP.

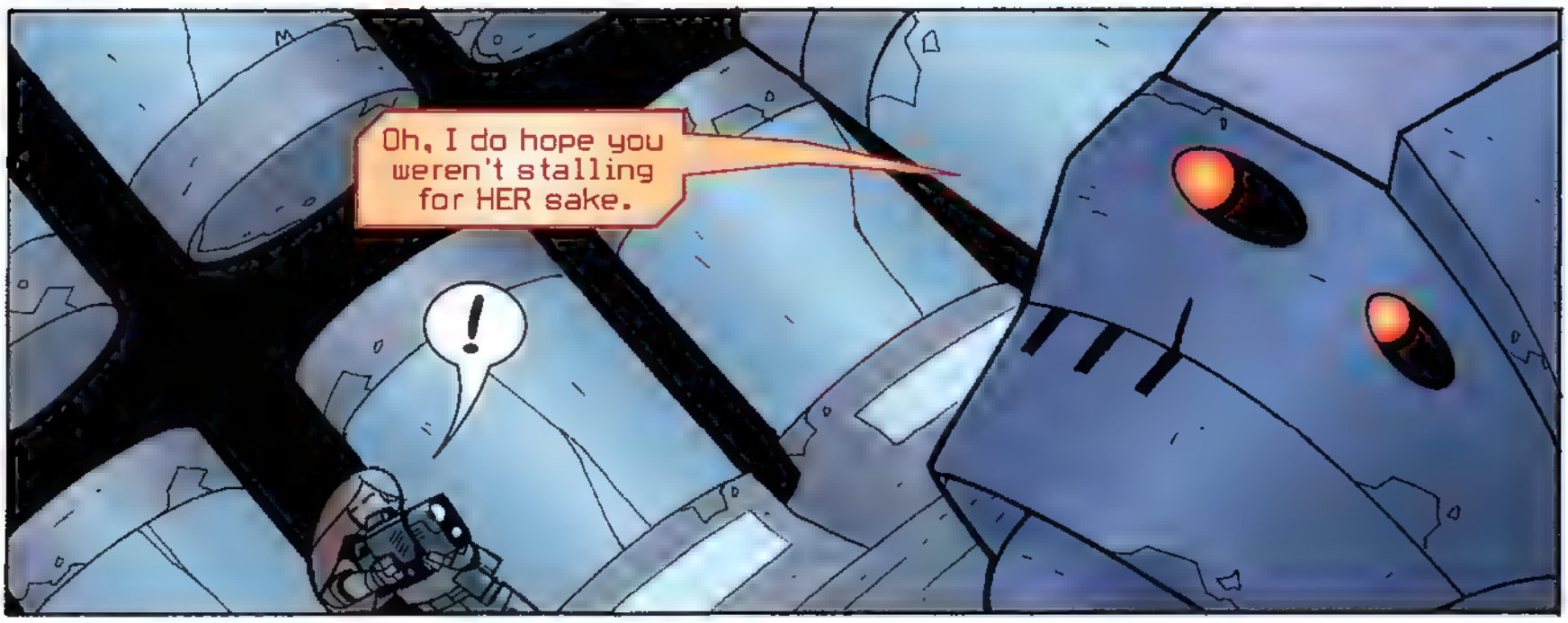

BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM
SHOOTING? ARE YOU SERIOUS?


BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM
WHAT'S NEXT, POISON?


LOSING? Look around you. My machinations continue UNABATED.


YEAH, YOU GOT ME THERE. A SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER HOUSING A LEGION OF BRAINWASHED CYBORG SUPERSOLDIERS IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR A HUNDRED YEARS...

...THAT'S SOME GOOD MACHINATION.


Oh, I do hope you weren't stalling for HER sake.
!

ADA, SHOOT!

Oh, yes, let's use LIGHTNING GUNS.

ZAP

He'll NEVER develop a brilliant defense against THOSE.

GET *OFF* ME, GRUESOME!

Take her to the factory floor with the others.

You're SLIPPING in your old age, Atomic Robo. I see not ONLY through the senses built into my OWN armor, but those of my EVERY SOLDIER.

*YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE ALWAYS LIKED ABOUT YOU, HELSIE? YOU KEEP TELLING ME HOW TO **BEAT** YOU!*

DESTROYING ENOUGH DRONES...

...WILL OVERLOAD YOUR PAIN RECEPTORS...

...AND THEN--

BOOM BOOM BOOM

YAAGH!

SKRASH

KLONG

KLUNK

WHAM

DOOF!

UNLESS YOU INSTALLED SOME KIND OF AUTOMATIC FAILSAFE CUT-OFF.

I did.

FLUAM

CREAK
KRASH
FOOOSH

NOW WHAT?

WHUD

"FACTORY FLOOR," HUH?

I had thought the last half century of FAILING to stop me would have taught you the meaning of futility. Perhaps removing your power core will ENLIGHTEN you on the subject in your final moments of electromatic consciousness.

GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.

KLANG

You are of course joking.

CRASH

NOPE.

ROBO! OVER HERE!

VIKRAM! DON'T MOVE! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

WE'RE ALL A LITTLE CAPTURED. I THINK IT ALREADY *ATE* JENKINS, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM.

I HAVE *NO* INTEREST IN FINDING OUT WHAT THIS STUFF DOES.

OR AT WHAT POINT THEY USE ANESTHESIA.

YOU MEAN *IF* THEY USE IT.

WHY DO I EVEN BRING ACTION SCIENTISTS?

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

Why must we always resort to brutalizing one another?

THOOM

Are we not men of SCIENCE?

KLUNK

WHAT THE--?!

ZIP

I'M A ROBOT AND YOU'RE A BRAIN IN A JAR. IS THIS A TRICK QUESTION?

SKREEEEEEEE

THOOM

MY FLIPPANT REPLIES ARE SUPPOSED TO TRICK YOU INTO MAKING A MISTAKE, NOT TRICK YOU INTO BEATING ME SENSELESS.

And I was supposed to ascend to a state of GODHOOD over the nations of man!

OH, NOT THIS AGAIN.

LOOK, IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH AN **EVIL MANIAC**, I WOULDN'T HAVE DESTROYED YOUR BODY!

KLANK

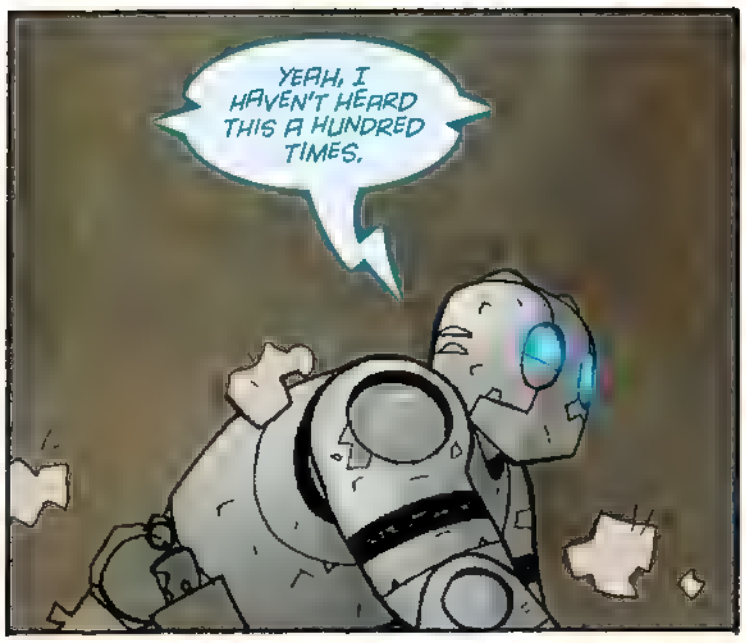
You denied me the UNLIMITED power of the vril...

...but one does not enter into a gambit for world domination without taking precautions for EVERY contingency.

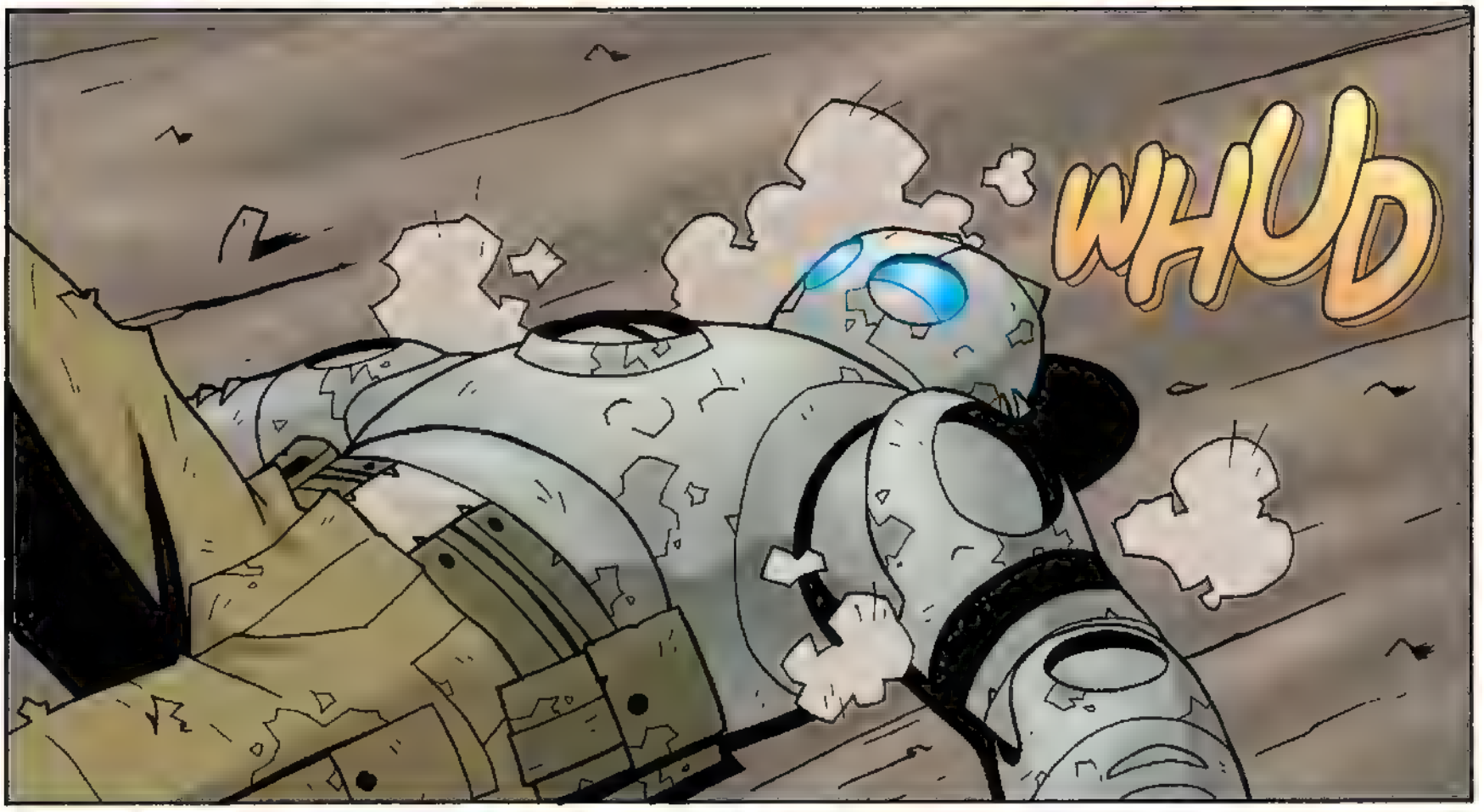
AUGH!

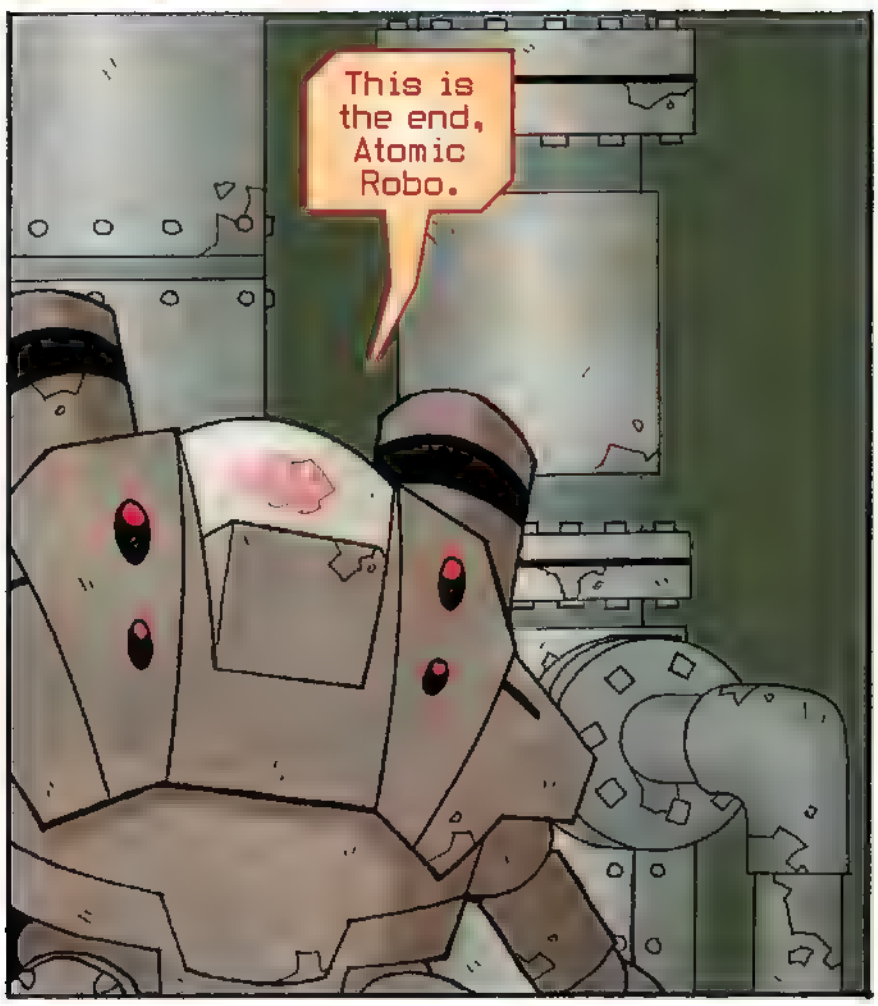
KLUD

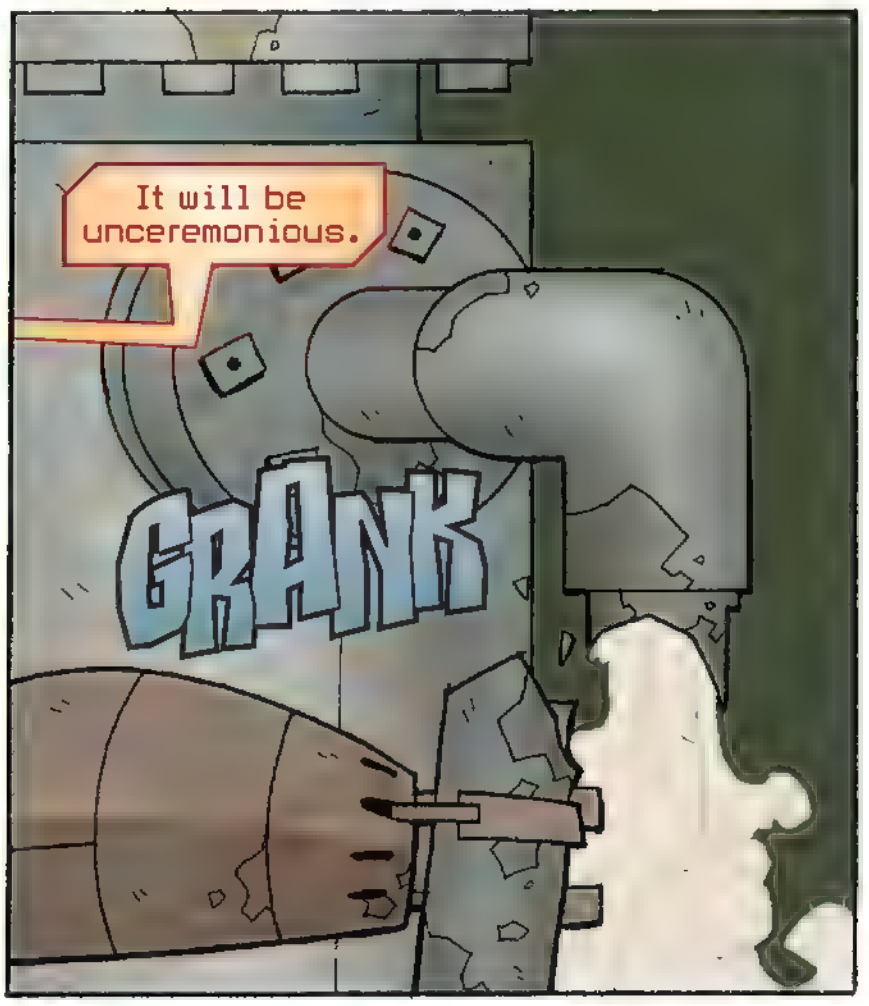
And so your intervention in the Himalayas did little more than delay my INEVITABLE victory.


YEAH, I HAVEN'T HEARD THIS A HUNDRED TIMES.

KLAAG


WHUD


This is the end, Atomic Robo.

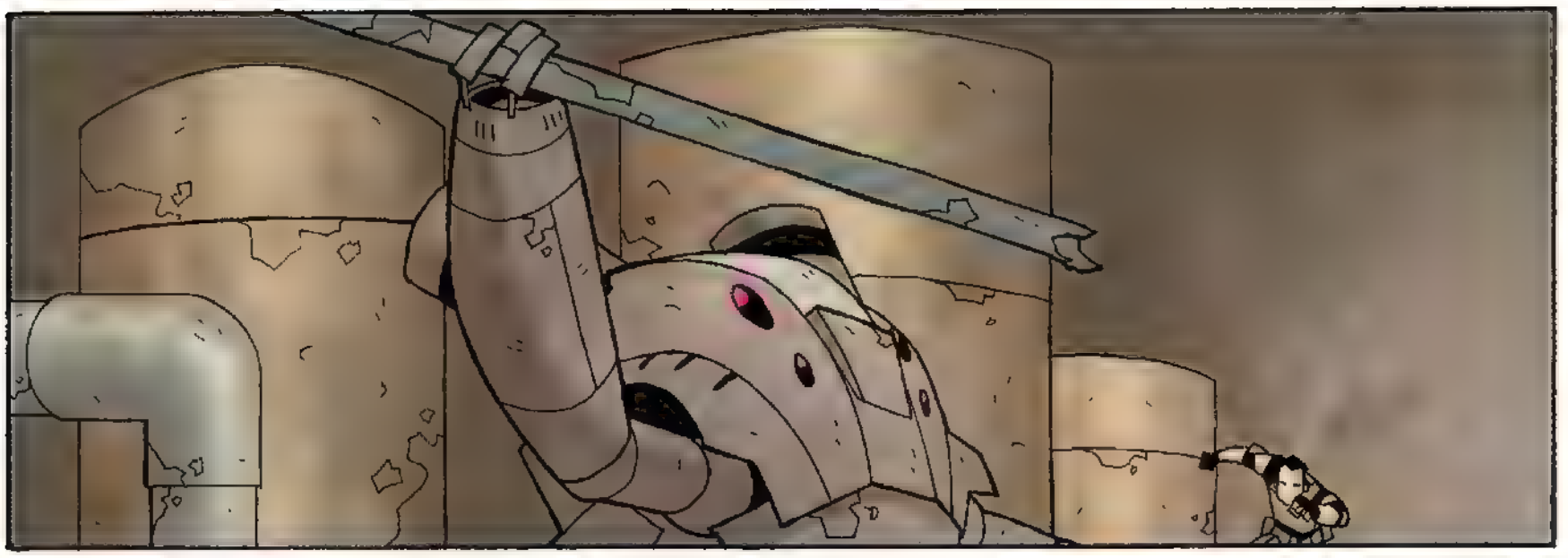

It will be unceremonious.
GRANK

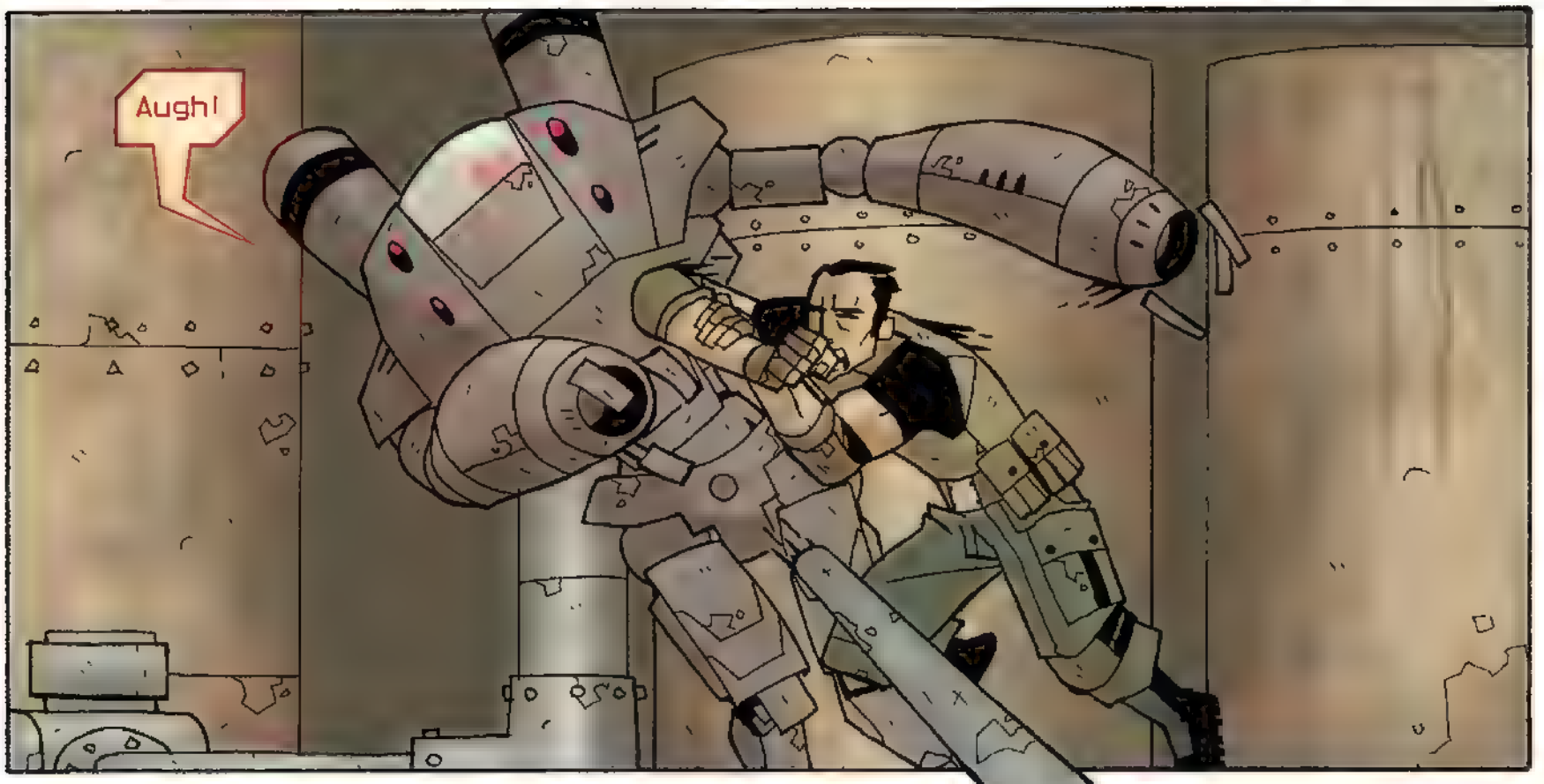
Your efforts will hardly register as a FOOTNOTE once the world is united under MY immortal rule.

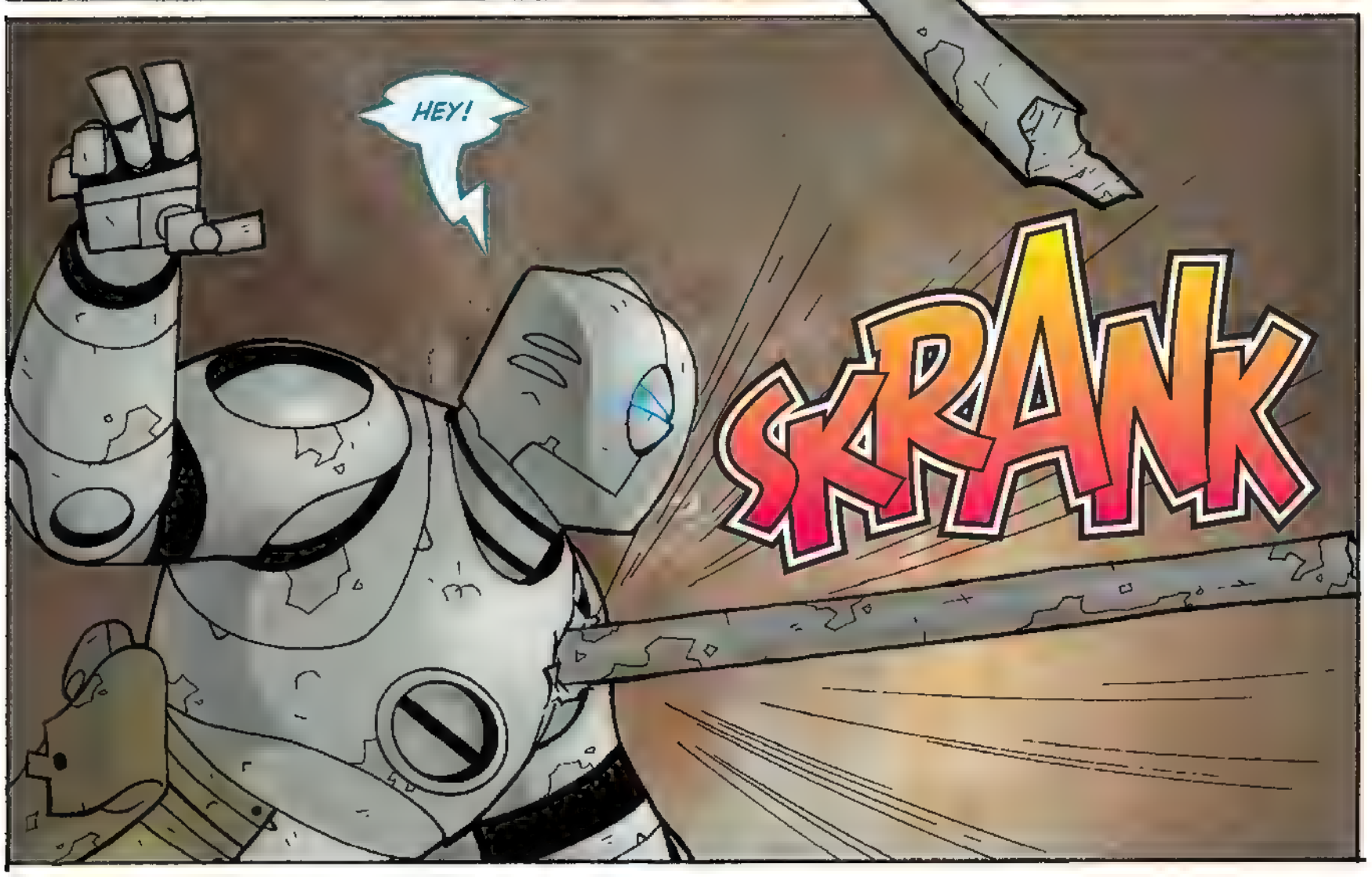
WHAT? MY AUDIO'S REBOOTING, YOU KICKED IT OUT OF WHACK.

You will be remembered only for your defeat, like all the usurpers and pretenders to the throne of Helsingard who came before you.

YOU'RE JUST GOING ON AND ON, AREN'T YOU.




Augh!


HEY!
SKRANK

Bah!

Insect!

CHACK

BRAKKATA BRAKKATA BRAKKATA

SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK

SPAK SPAK SPANG

BRAKKATA BRAKKATA

DEET

ARGH!

BOOM

POOM

THAT I HEARD.

KZZT

KZZT

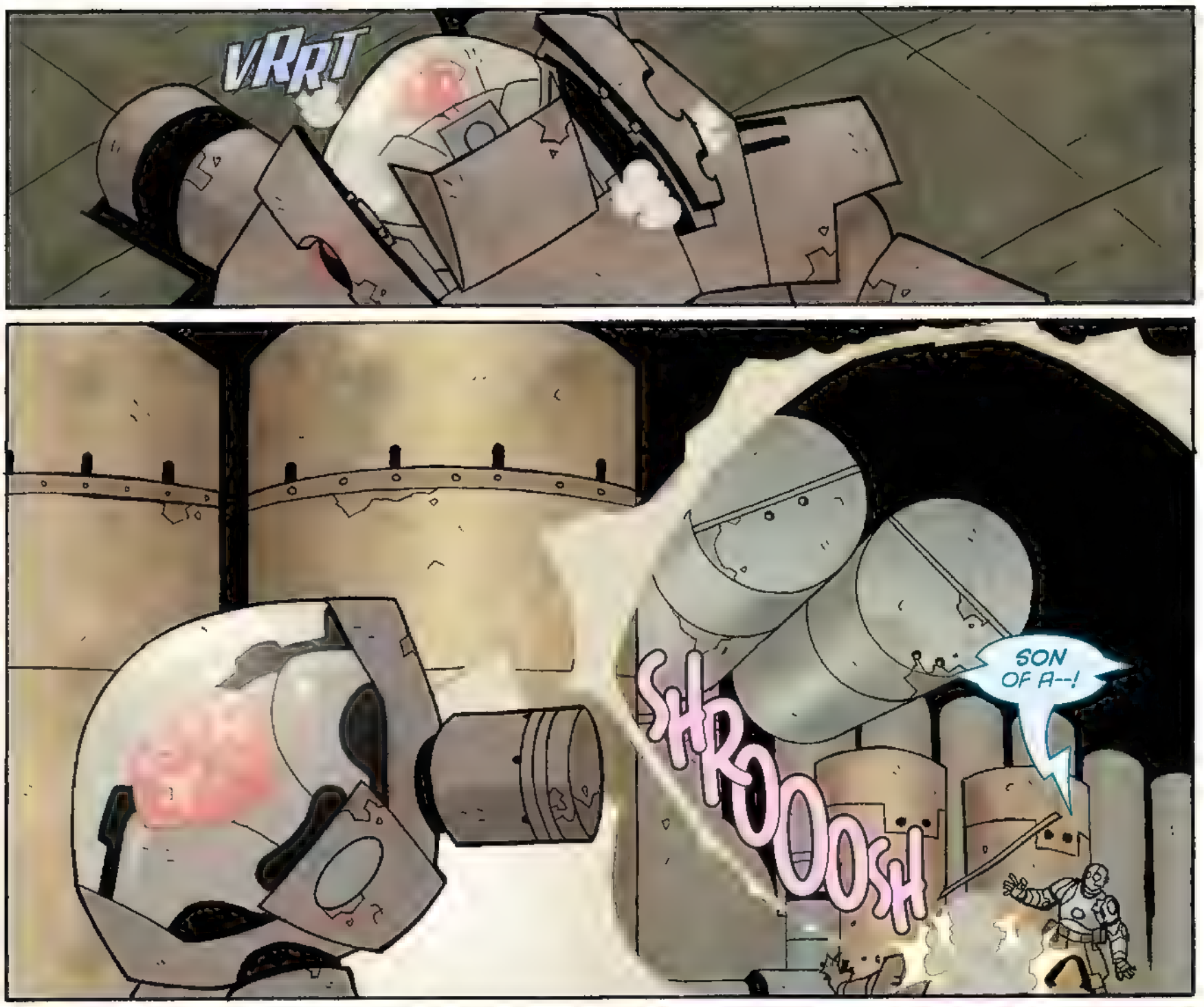
WRANG

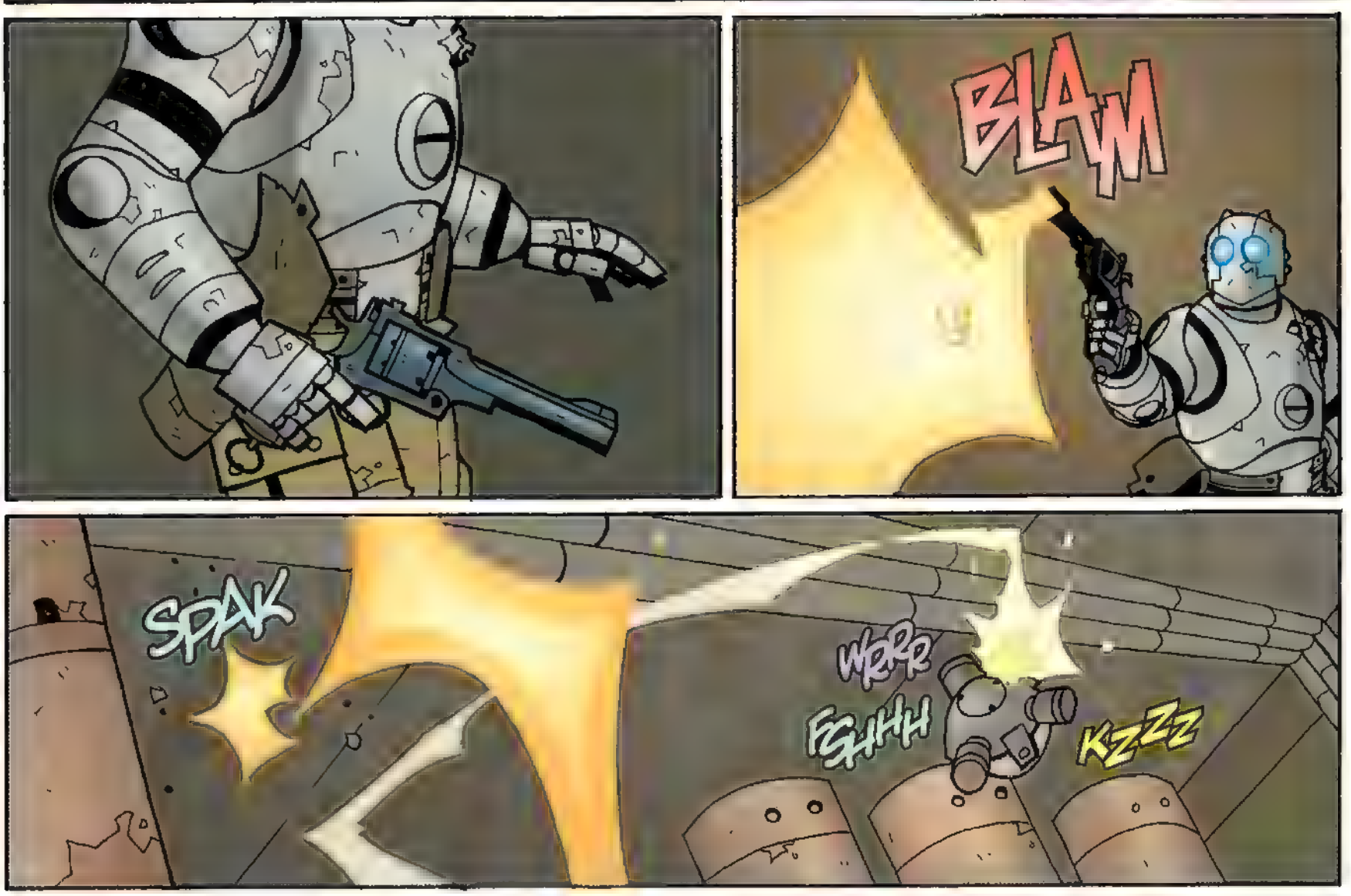
THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR YOU, HELSIE.

HUBRIS.

KZZT

IT MEANS, "THE ACT OF PUTTING YOUR BRAIN ON DISPLAY OUTSIDE YOUR METAL WARBOT BODY."


VRRT
SHROOOSH
SON OF A--!


BLAM
SPAK
WRRR
FSHHH
KZZZZ

KRSH

KZRRRT

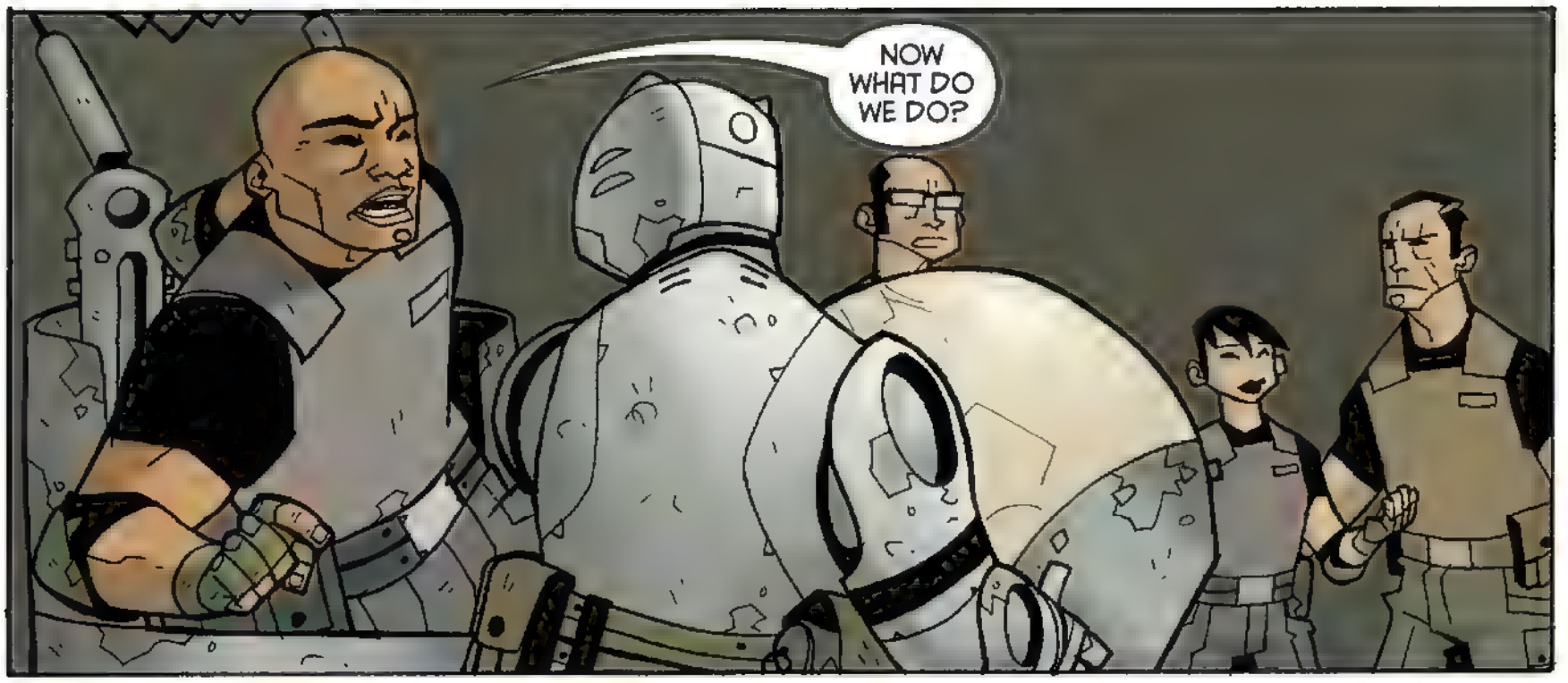
BOOM

SO THIS IS IT THEN. IT'S OVER.

YEAH. IT'S OVER.

LITTLE *HELP* HERE!

WELL, *MOSTLY* OVER.


NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

COLLECT AND ANALYZE.

IT'LL TAKE MONTHS TO GO OVER EVERYTHING IN THIS PLACE.

YEARS MAYBE.
Projekt: Vormachtstellung

ICELANDIC HIGHLANDS

VRRT

KTINK

VRRRT

SHUNK

4

5

SKRASH

OH, GOOD. MORE.

KLONG

How many times must we play this game, Atomic Robo?

I WAS KINDA HOPING YOU'D GET TIRED OF LOSING AND QUIT.

WHUD

ATOMIC
ROBO
FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

TESLADYNE HEADQUARTERS, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.
OCTOBER, 1961.

BONAPARTE

SICILY
MT. ETNA
GELA

THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

THE ONLY WAY TO GET YOU PEOPLE TO STOP CALLING ME IS TO SAY "NO" TO SOMEONE'S FACE. YOU'RE HIM.

ROBO, THIS...IT'S BAD.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE BUILT A ***BOMB.***

YOU ***KNOW*** I'M DONE WORKING FOR THE MILITARY.

SO? BUILD FIVE MORE. THAT'S THE "STRATEGY" NOW, ISN'T IT?

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. WE ESTIMATE IT'S TWO HUNDRED MEGATONS, ***MINIMUM.*** ENOUGH TO POISON THE ATMOSPHERE, IGNITE IT, OR SIPHON IT INTO SPACE.

WE'RE TALKING THE ***WHOLE*** ATMOSPHERE, ROBO. IT DOESN'T MATTER ***WHERE*** IT GOES OFF, IT WILL BE THE END OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT.

THURSDAY

WHY COME TO ME WITH THIS?

SICILY
MT. ETNA
CATANIA
SYRACUSE

PARTE

IF WE TELL THE RUSSIANS, THEY'LL TRACK DOWN THE AGENT WHO DISCOVERED THESE DOCUMENTS. IF WE SEND TROOPS, IT'S AN ACT OF WAR. YOU HAVE WHAT WE NEED...

40,000FT OVER THE ARCTIC OCEAN
ONE WEEK LATER.

"...WE'RE CALLING IT 'PLAUSIBLE DENIAL.'"

OKAY...

...THIS SHOULD BE IT.

CHAK

ST. ALEXANDRA ISLAND, ARCTIC OCEAN, NORTH OF SIBERIA.

PAFF

VRRRT

BUZZBUZZBUZZ

EH?

BUZZBUZZBU

BUZZBUZZBU--

NO SIGN OF CONSTRUCTION...

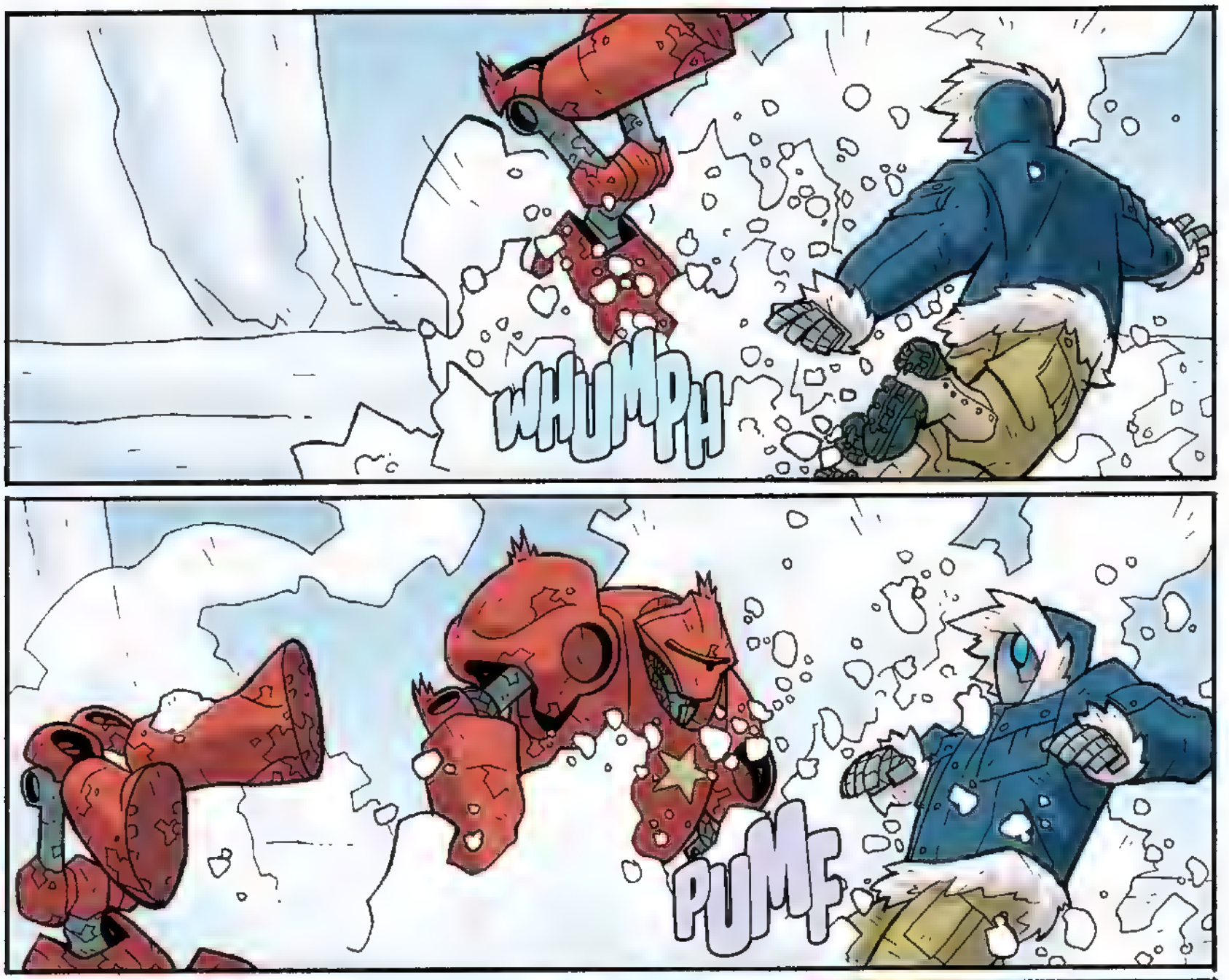
BAH, HE'S *EARLY*. NO MATTER.

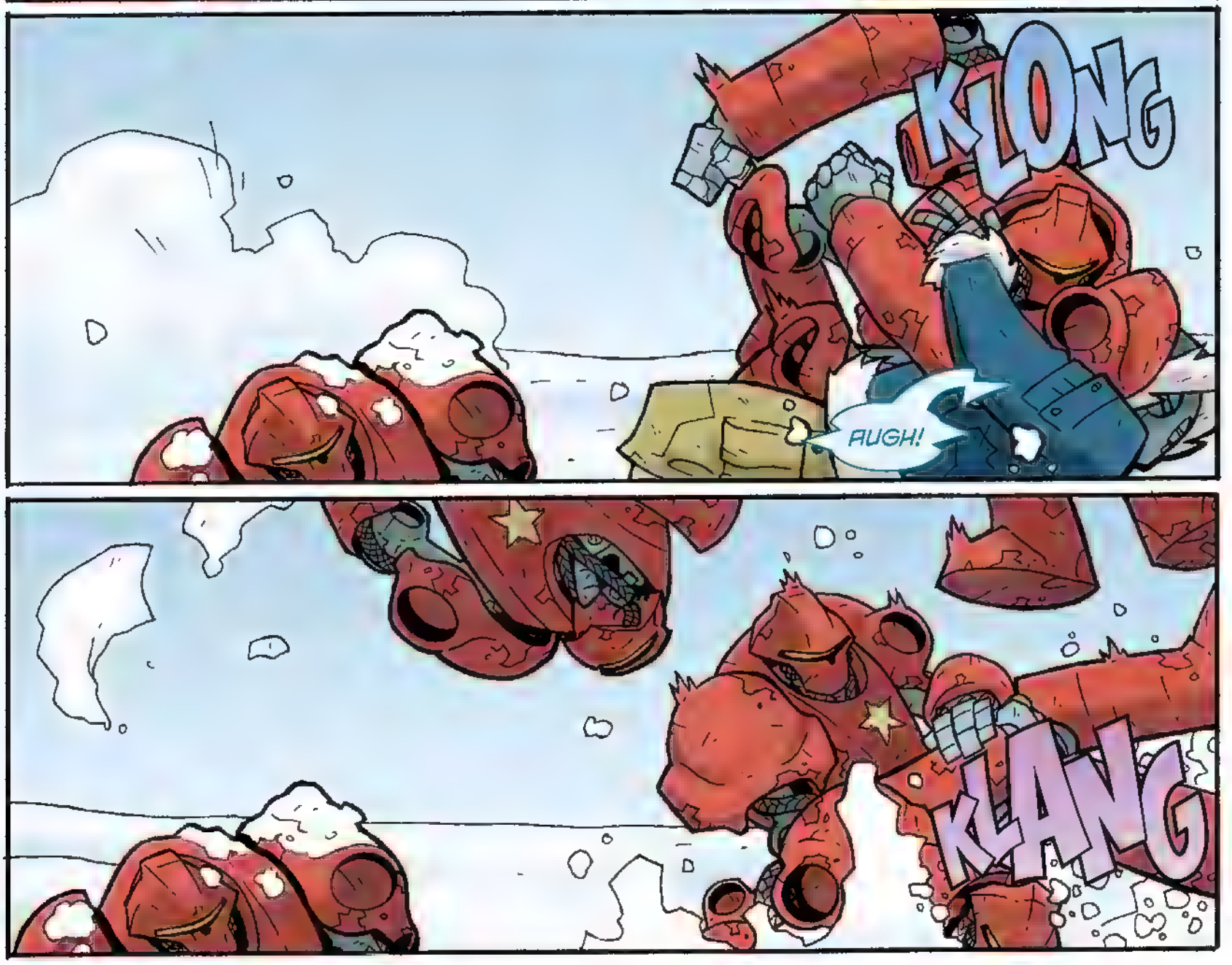
SO, IT'S PROBABLY UNDERGROUND...

GOT TO BE AN AIR VENT SOMEWHERE...

OH. WELL. SO MUCH FOR COVERT.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THAT'S IT?


WHUMPH
PUMF


KLONG
AUGH!
KLANG

OH, NUTS TO THIS.

?

WHERE'S THAT STUPID GUN...?

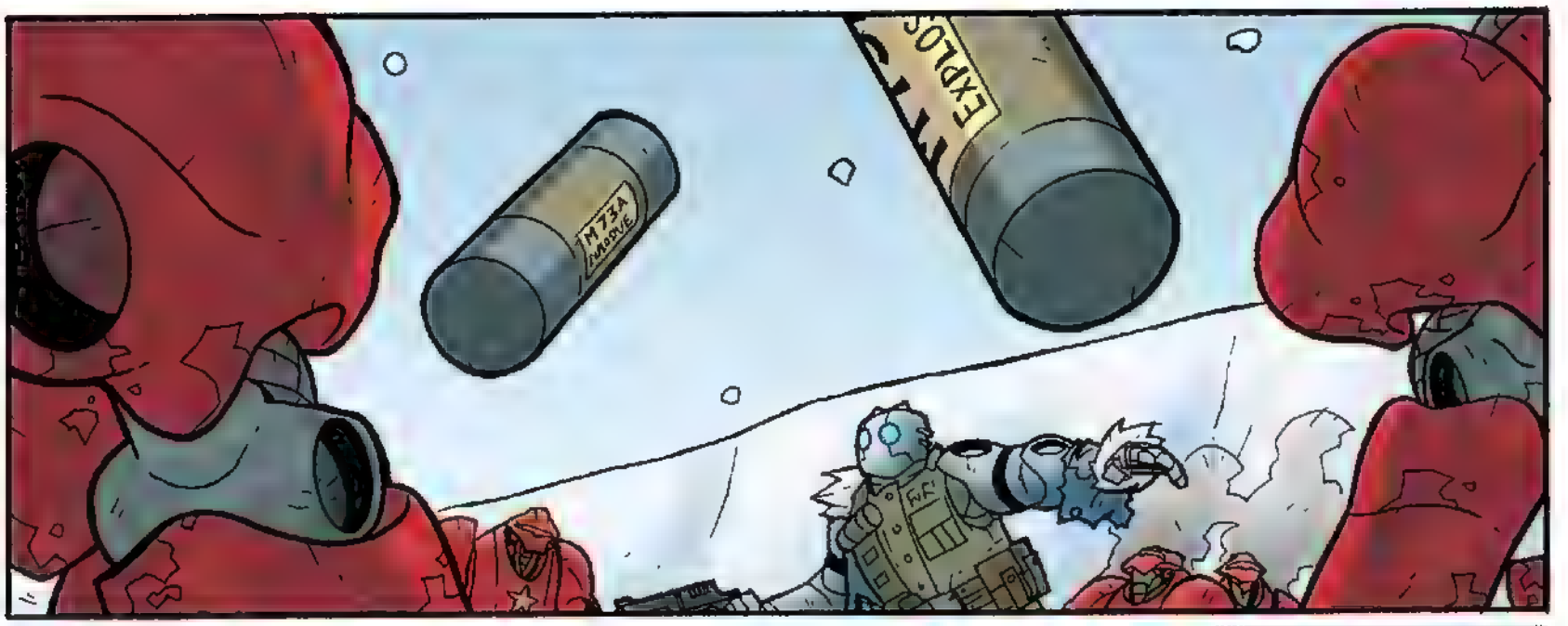
!

AH-HAH!

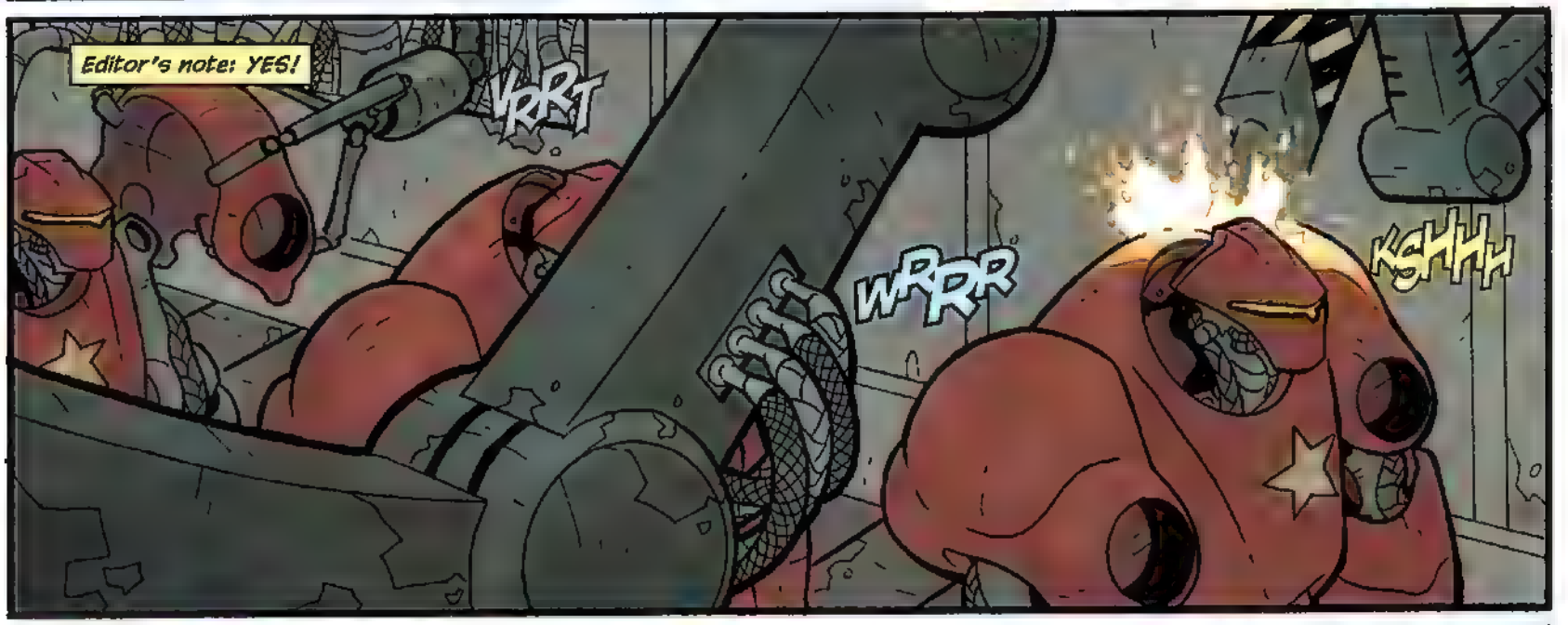
ZKOW

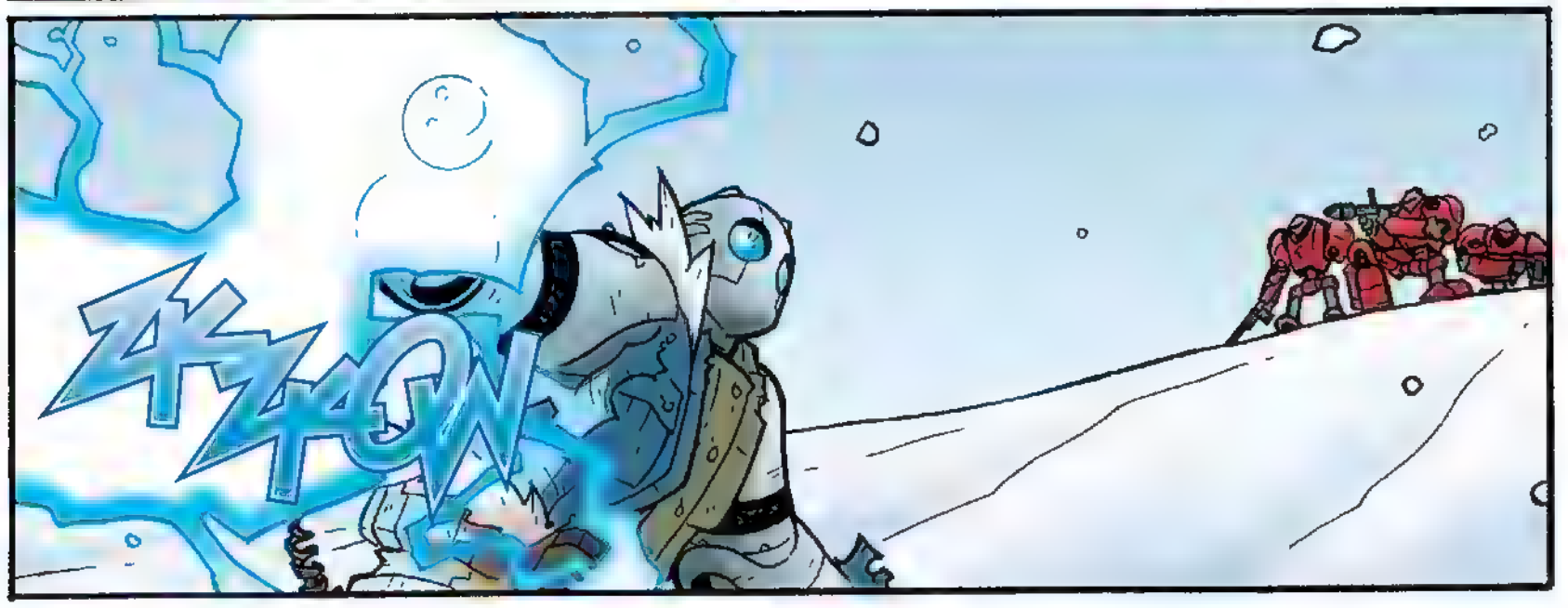
ZKOW

JERKS!


M73A
EXPLOS

WHAT, IS THERE A FACTORY OR SOMETHING?
BOOM
ZAP


Editor's note: YES!
VRRT
WRRR
KSHHH


ZZZAP

FWOOSH

KRABOOM

NOPE!

BRAKKADAKKA

PING

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

GIMME THAT.

BRAKKA DAKKA

KLUNK

SHREEEE

BOOM!

HURTS, DON'T IT!

BRAAKTYA

OKAY, SERIOUSLY, YOU GUYS CAN'T STOP ME.

BRAAKTYADAAKTYA

BRAAKTYA

TEN MINUTES LATER...

I WAS DOING PRETTY GOOD UNTIL THE END THERE...

YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO I AM, DO YOU?

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE BEST CLUB HOUSE ON THE BLOCK.

THAT IS FUNNY. TESLA MADE YOU FUNNY?

NO, I USE HUMOR AS A PLOY TO DISTRACT MANIACS LIKE YOU FROM THE FACT THAT HE DID MAKE ME SUPER-STRONG!

YEEARGH!

YES, VERY STRONG. THAT IS WHY WE USED THE *INCREDIBLY* STRONG ELECTROMAGNETIC RESTRAINTS.

OH.

THEY DID NOT TELL YOU MY NAME BECAUSE *I DO NOT EXIST.*

I INVENTED NUCLEAR WEAPONS A ***DECADE*** BEFORE YOUR AMERICAN SCIENTISTS ***BLUNDERED*** INTO THEM. IT WAS ONLY THEORY, BUT I ***KNEW*** THE EQUATIONS. I KNEW WHAT BEAUTIFUL POWER WAS LOCKED INSIDE THE ATOM. I KNEW IT AS INNATELY AS I KNEW TO ***BREATHE.***

AH, BUT RUSSIA, HERS ARE ***PRACTICAL*** PEOPLE. THEY HAD NO USE FOR MERE ***THEORY*** IN THOSE DAYS. SCIENCE WAS NOT FOR ITS OWN SAKE, BUT FOR THE SAKE OF ***INDUSTRY.***

CAN YOU IMAGINE? NAZIS MARCHING TO MOSCOW AND I WAS TOLD THERE WAS ***NO USE*** FOR THE MOST DEVASTATING WEAPON IN ***HISTORY!***

TO BE SURROUNDED BY FOLLY, SUCH IS THE CURSE OF ***GENIUS.***

BUT STALIN, ***HE*** KNEW. IN MY ATOMIC THEORIES ***HE*** SAW THE NAZIS VANQUISHED FROM THE EARTH. HE SAW THE NATIONS OF MAN AT ***HIS*** FEET.

MY WORK WAS BEYOND SECRET. STALIN MADE ME ***DISAPPEAR*** FROM LIFE, FROM HISTORY. IT WAS AS IF I HAD NEVER BEEN. HE INSTALLED ***OTHER*** SCIENTISTS AND PUT ***THEM*** TO WORK ON THE NUCLEAR PROBLEM TO TRICK THE WORLD. NO ONE KNEW OF MY WORK HERE, OF THE ***TRUE*** SOVIET NUCLEAR PROGRAM. NO ONE BUT STALIN HIMSELF.

BUT THEN MY WORK, MY BRILLIANT WORK, WAS ***WASTED.*** THE AMERICANS HAD DROPPED ***THEIR*** BOMB FIRST.

THEY ACCOMPLISHED WITH A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE, ***ALONE,*** A DECADE EARLIER WERE IT NOT FOR THE ENDLESS BUREAUCRACY AND SECRECY I WAS FORCED TO ENDURE!

AND SO I TOILED HERE AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD, ALONE, BUT FOR MY ROBOTIC MARVELS, ADVANCING THE SCIENCE OF ATOMIC WEAPONRY.

OPPENHEIMERS, EINSTEINS, ***TESLAS***--EACH HAILED AS A GENIUS FOR ECHOING THEORIES ***I*** PRODUCED YEARS BEFORE! EACH MAN A MERE SHADOW BEFORE ***ME!***

SO YOU'RE BUILDING A BIG DUMB BOMB TO SHOW EVERYONE WHO THE GREATEST SCIENTIST BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.

THUNK

NO, *THAT* WOULD BE THE PATHETIC WORK OF AN EGOMANIAC. MY BOMB WILL KILL EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD.

I WAS ROBBED OF MY PLACE IN HISTORY, SO HUMANITY SHALL BE ROBBED OF ITS *FUTURE.*

KFSHHHHH

I AM *REALLY* GOING TO ENJOY STOPPING YOU.

STOP ME? YOU'RE ONLY HERE BECAUSE I *SENT* FOR YOU.

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO PLANT EVIDENCE TO INFORM FOREIGN AGENCIES OF MY WORK HERE.

WHAT THEN? TELL MY GOVERNMENT AND LOSE YOUR PRECIOUS SPIES? SEND SOLDIERS AND RISK ANOTHER WAR? WHAT CHOICE WOULD THEY *HAVE* BUT TO SEND YOU?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD, YOU WOULD HAVE *SURVIVED.* THE RADIATION WOULD HAVE NO EFFECT ON YOU. YOU WOULD BE LEFT TO *REMEMBER* THEM.

"BUT HERE, AT GROUND ZERO, THAT IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM."

SORRY, DOC.

MY SURVIVAL'S STILL GOING TO BE A PROBLEM FOR YOU.

THOOP

AUGH!

C'MON, BREAK BEFORE MY LEG DOES...

OH, THIS'LL HURT.

KTUNG

MY GOD...

UPSIDE-DOWN IS BAD. UPSIDE-DOWN IS VERY BAD.

SKREEEEEEE

KRAKOOOM

KA-TINK

THIS WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN.

NO, URGH...

NO, THIS PRETTY MUCH ALWAYS HAPPENS.

I AM DYING.

IT'S THE MASSIVE PLUTONIUM LEAK IN THE FORTY TON BOMB THAT'S CRUSHING YOUR LOWER BODY.

TELL THEM. YOU WILL TELL THEM WHO I AM. TELL THEM IVAN KOSHCHEY WAS THE *TRUE* MASTER OF THE ATOM. YOU WILL TELL THEM.

US ARMY BASE, GERMANY.

SO THIS **WHOLE** THING, IT WAS THE WORK OF A **SINGLE** ROGUE SCIENTIST?

NUKE B-GONE

NEAR AS I CAN TELL, STALIN HID HIM FROM THE WORLD FOR THIRTY YEARS. JUST ERASED HIM FROM HISTORY TO KEEP HIS ATOMIC WEAPONS WORK A SECRET. GUY WENT NUTS AND USED HIS UNLIMITED BUDGET TO BUILD A BOMB TO DESTROY THE WORLD.

ANY IDEA WHO HE **WAS?**

COULDN'T TELL YOU, COLONEL.

DEETDEETDEEEET

BOOM

HE DIED BEFORE I GOT THERE. RADIATION POISONING.

END.